'The Living Age Brings the World to America'

THE LIVING AGE

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1925

Is England Done?

BY

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

Kemal Himself

Let's Pull Together

BY

JOHN GALSWORTHY

The James Joyce School

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASSROOM

October 31, 1925

IS ENGLAND DONE? What have successive British Governments done and failed to do that has shaken the faith of the average British citizen? Why has the recent Trades-Union Congress further dimmed their hopes for recovery? What "two depressing facts" does Sir Philip Gibbs mention? How does he believe the country can recover?

A NEGATIVE ANSWER. What are the two facts that John Galsworthy thinks England must face? Discuss the two remedies he suggests.

THE GHAZI ON A TOUR. Who is Mustapha Kemal Pasha? Tell some of the steps he has taken in the reconstruction of Turkey. What is his governing idea?

AN EXHORTATION TO PROGRESS. What are Kemal's views on religious subjects as set forth in his public addresses? Why does he insist on changing the national dress?

GERMANY'S SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN. Describe the three types of submarine used by the Germans during the War. Tell about the U-boat trap successfully developed by the British Navy. For what use were U-boats originally intended?

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS. Discuss the objection to Socialism raised by Bernard Shaw in the note entitled, "How to be Busy Though Socialized."

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teachers in adapting the *Living Age* to the classroom, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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NEXT WEEK

HOW I TURNED SCRIBBLER — *By Selma Lagerlöf*

The leading novelist of Sweden here tells us how her first work was received and why she changed at an early age from poetry to fiction. It is simple, unaffected writing, in Miss Lagerlöf's best vein.

SOVIET IMPERIALISM IN CHINA — *By Jean Bouchot*

Six years ago the Soviet Envoy to Peking was despised and unrecognized. Now he has been raised to the post of Ambassador and is the most powerful man in China. M. Bouchot tells how it was done, and what we may expect next.

GIACOMO BONI — *By Wickham Steed*

This is a close-up of the man who made the Roman Forum what it is to-day. Sig. Boni was an intimate friend of Bernard Shaw and Anatole France, and he tells us how he coped with both of them at once.

A GERMAN AT GENEVA — *By Wolf von Dewall*

These reflections on the League of Nations are singularly timely, coming as they do just after the signing of the Locarno Pact. The author is not an enthusiast about the League, but he is convinced that it has come to stay. He discusses several courses of action that have been suggested by various countrymen of his.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 327 — *OCTOBER 31, 1925* — NO. 4243

WEEK OF THE WORLD

AROUND THE LOCARNO AGREEMENT

THE conclusion of the Rhineland Pact between France and Germany, with Great Britain and Italy as guarantors, may prove to be the supreme diplomatic achievement of the post-war period, and to divide two eras in European politics. But this is as yet only a hopeful possibility. Yet even the initial success of agreeing upon a formula of permanent peace exceeds the expectations of the British and Continental press. Indeed, English editors have been so preoccupied with the more immediate and local question of Communism that they were inclined to relegate these negotiations to the background of public attention.

One of the first questions that will suggest itself to those interested in world affairs is the effect of the Locarno Pact upon the League of Nations. Will that agreement further the Pan-European movement that has been gathering some headway both inside and outside the Geneva organization? The last Assembly witnessed a marked drawing-away of enthusiastic Continental Leaguers from the British delegation. The Conservative *Saturday Review*, after remarking that the unanimity with which the world press attacked the attitude of Great Britain's representatives was 'sufficiently impressive to merit attention,' and mentioning the general impression 'that the present British Government is hindering rather than helping the growth of international coöperation,' attributed this unpopularity to its country's tactical awkwardness in dealing with League affairs: —

> There is far too little study beforehand of the League's agenda, far too great a readiness to accept at the last moment the suggestions of any expert available. Many of the League's activities mean a gradual diminution of the influence of these very experts whom our delegates consult, so that our policy as regards armaments is left almost entirely in the hands of professional soldiers and as regards League finances in the hands of Treasury officials, who do not take into consideration the political or psychological effects of their recommendations. . . . Sooner or later, if wars are to become impossible, every nation will have to agree to submit its disputes, whatever their nature, to compulsory arbitration. Several European countries are now ready to ac-

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cept compulsory arbitration as outlined in the Protocol. The British Empire, for generally sound reasons, will not go so far. Had Mr. Chamberlain or Lord Cecil taken the trouble to explain these reasons in all frankness, and had they at the same time shown some appreciation for the courage of nations which are willing to accept an outside verdict in their vital disputes, the British Government would not have made itself so universally unpopular.

The Nation and the Athenæum, which can be expected to criticize the present Cabinet, was naturally more condemnatory of the way Great Britain's case before the League was handled: —

Two disquieting facts have recently become apparent. On the one hand Britain is in bad odor with that vague but real entity called 'League opinion'; on the other, British opinion is becoming equally unfriendly to the League. Starting from the most diverse standpoints on the merits of the issue, the British press has reached a remarkable degree of unanimity in denouncing the Council's handling of the Mosul dispute, and for the most part it has done so with a gusto which it is difficult to reconcile with a strong attachment to the League. Some journals have improved the occasion by publishing sweeping attacks from surprising contributors on the trend of League activity. When a journalist of Mr. Sisley Huddleston's antecedents can write under the heading, 'Is the League of Nations a Menace?' and can sum up in the affirmative, when at the same time it has become fashionable at Geneva to say that Britain stands to-day where France stood under M. Poincaré, it is evident that we have a situation which calls for serious attention. . . . To what is our unpopularity at Geneva due? The British delegation at last month's Assembly took up a prevailingly negative and critical attitude. We were in the position of 'crabbing' or appearing to 'crab' almost everything that was proposed. On some of the issues raised, the British attitude was, in our judgment, entirely reasonable. On the crucial issue of the Protocol, for example, the British standpoint is necessarily very different from that of other States. To France, and to most countries represented at Geneva, the Protocol is essentially a guarantee; to Britain it is essentially an obligation. No stones can therefore fairly be cast at us for our special reluctance to adhere to this project. But even the issues wrapped up with the Protocol were handled by the Government in a manner which displayed a curious insensitiveness to the trend of League opinion.

The primary significance of the arrangement agreed upon at Locarno lies in the state of the European diplomatic mind it reveals. To be sure, like any untried device, it may defeat its own purpose. As Sisley Huddleston says in the *New Statesman:* —

There is considerable danger in the special guaranties which the nations are to give to each other; and the League with all its grandiloquent proclamations may hereafter be shown, in the most frightful manner, to have led us on the wrong lines. The Great Powers intend to give only specific guaranties, but in practice these guaranties may be less limited than they appear to be on paper. England will probably guarantee the Rhineland Pact and the Treaties of Arbitration which are to be drawn up between Germany and France and between Germany and Belgium. France means to guarantee the Arbitration Treaties which Germany may conclude with Belgium, with Poland, and with Czechoslovakia. There will be an attempt to preserve the right of intervention without delay in the event of a breach of the promises; and precipitate action may easily give a more general character to a local quarrel and render it difficult for any nation that is caught in the network of these alliances to remain aloof.

The same writer opines that France and Germany were greatly moved in concluding this agreement by their wish to give to the world — chiefly America — the spectacle of a pacified Europe: —

Financial assistance may be required, and it is held to be necessary that Europe should present itself as a repentant and sober and serious person before its rich

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uncle. Perhaps it would not be enough to show that France and Germany have settled their differences: it should also be shown that Poland is on good terms with its great neighbor. The recent visit of Count Skrzynski, the Polish Foreign Minister, to the United States was extremely successful from this point of view, and the impression that he produced was altogether good.

Pacts beget pacts, and the London *Daily Telegraph* comes forward with a report, based upon information 'from two foreign quarters whose business it is to keep a very close eye on Moscow's every movement,' that Chicherin, the Soviet Foreign Minister, was authorized to offer Poland during his recent visit to Warsaw, 'not merely an assurance that on her eastern boundaries she need fear no aggression from the Soviets, but a guaranty of her western frontiers against German aggression.' A Machiavellian motive for this offer is of course suspected. The threat of a Russian-Polish alliance designed to maintain the status quo on Germany's eastern frontier 'would arouse German Nationalist exasperation to the highest pitch, at the mere suggestion that the (Locarno) Pact might entail for Germany a strait-jacket and eventually strangulation,' and might thus prevent its ratification by the Reichstag.

But we must distrust British interpretations of Soviet diplomacy — at least according to Chicherin, who considers that, not only the Locarno Pact, but most of the diplomatic manœuvring in Europe, are moves in an aggressive and obstinate British campaign against the Soviet Government inspired by the long-standing clash between Russia's and England's interests in Asia. However this may be, so well informed an observer as *Vossische Zeitung's* Warsaw correspondent considers Chicherin's visit at least a sentimental success: —

> In Poland, dyed-in-the-wool enemies of Russia, who formerly rallied around Pilsudski, have become few and discredited. The great majority are at least politically pro-Russian, and a desire for closer relations with Russia has gradually overcome the old horror of close contact with the Soviet system. . . . The greater 'the danger' of German-French reconciliation, of a Rhine Pact, of Germany's becoming a member of the League of Nations, grows, the more ready the people are to renew their intimacy with Russia, in order to avoid being hemmed in on both sides and to be free to concentrate their whole strength against Germany.

This correspondent also recurs to the ever-present financial question: 'Last but not least, Poland's real policy revolves around the all-important question of a foreign loan — that is, of winning confidence abroad. She therefore is doing all in her power to emphasize her love of peace and her pacific intentions.'

*

SCARBOROUGH — LIVERPOOL

British opinion, at least as voiced in the press, is immensely comforted by the Labor Party's repudiation of Communism at its annual conference in Liverpool, after the trade-unions had apparently been swept off their feet by the Radicals at their yearly meeting in Scarborough a few weeks earlier. Ramsay MacDonald quite recovered his prestige, and Mr. Henderson, who had been howled down a few days before at a railway men's meeting by a riotous crowd chanting the 'Red Flag,' figured prominently in the proceedings. The chairmen's addresses at the two gatherings were in as marked contrast as the resolutions of the members. In no instance was this contrast more marked, however, than in the trade-unionists' condemnation and the Labor Party's endorsement of the Dawes Plan, which the latter did so much to bring about when it was in power. Mr. Cramp, the chairman of

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the Party congress, said: 'To repudiate the Dawes Plan is equivalent to an invitation to the German workers to destroy the precarious balance of European peace and to plunge their country once more into the horrors of military occupation.' The Party conference left no doubt of its attitude toward Communism by declining, by an overwhelming vote of 2,870,000 against 321,000, to admit Communists to Party membership.

Naturally this was perfectly logical, since the trade-unions seek to better the standing of labor by direct action, while the Labor Party aims to accomplish this by political methods. But as Mr. MacDonald pointed out, Communism as inspired by Moscow believes in permeation, in forming cells of discontent and agitation in existing societies and organizations. Its chief strength at present in Great Britain is in the trade-unions. The Labor Party insists that every worker must belong to a trade-union, but the latter cannot exclude Communists. Ergo, indirectly the Labor Party, whatever its official attitude, will inevitably include the latter. Nevertheless, observes the *Spectator:* —

> The meeting at Liverpool shows that we are now entering a period where a great deal of convenient but dangerous and sometimes discreditable vagueness will have to be swept away. The Communists have forced the issue of revolution versus evolution, and the evolutionaries will now have to admit that evolution must be as gradual as evolution always is. There is no short cut to the millennium. If the existing system were suddenly swept away there would be a terrible breakdown and a gap filled with human misery and violent recrimination to which our history would provide no parallel. We are thankful to say that the ablest Labor leaders at Liverpool have at last taken their courage in both hands and spoken unequivocally. They are in favor of following the constitutional way, the way of democracy, the method of keeping the decision in the hands of the majority.

None the less, fear of a general strike with possible revolutionary developments following in its wake still hangs over Great Britain. Late in September a new 'Organization for the Maintenance of Supplies,' known for short as the O. M. S., appeared before the public. Its president is Lord Hardinge, formerly Viceroy of India, and men as prominent as Lord Jellicoe and Sir Rennell Rodd are among the members of its Council. Its object is 'to register and classify those citizens of all classes and either sex who are prepared to render voluntary assistance in maintaining the supply of food, water, and fuel, and the efficiency of public services indispensable to the normal life of the community' in the event of a general strike. The enterprise is described as unofficial, but the plan of forming it was known beforehand to the Government, which raised no objection to the project. Indeed, according to a private letter written by the Home Secretary, it seems to have had an official blessing upon its birth. Neither of London's great Liberal weeklies, the *New Statesman* and *The Nation and the Athenæum*, approves of the organization. The latter credits its founders with good intentions, but thinks 'it is a pity that they cannot dilute the wine of patriotism with the water of prudence.' The objection of both journals is that it is improper and impertinent — as well as provocative — to set up private organizations to perform services that it is the duty of the Government itself to render. Indeed, the existence of such bodies is itself an invitation to class war.

*

SADDEST WORDS OF TONGUE OR PEN

British reviews of Lord Grey's memoirs, of which we shall give fuller extracts in next week's issue, for the most part pass over in silence what will seem

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to many the most significant passages in that remarkable book. These form the section containing the memorandum of a conversation with Colonel House in February 1916 informing the British Foreign Minister in substance that President Wilson was ready to call a conference to end the war upon a basis involving the restoration of Belgium, the transfer of Alsace and Lorraine to France, and the acquisition by Russia of an outlet to the sea, with adequate compensation to Germany in the way of territories outside of Europe. This suggestion was accompanied by the statement that if Germany refused the tender the United States would probably enter the war against her.

Apparently the memorandum was allowed to lie dormant in Lord Grey's personal possession during the ensuing summer campaign, which included the bloody fighting at Verdun, the Anglo-French counter-offensive in the autumn, and Brusiloff's offensive in the East. Then came the overthrow of the Asquith Ministry, and the memorandum was passed on to Lord Grey's successor.

The author says: 'My impression now is that, for reasons I did not know at the time, the memorandum was already out of date'— that is, on account of German opposition to the proposal. The *Manchester Guardian*, one of the few papers that does comment upon these passages, observes editorially: —

> Wilson's plan was to sound the Allies and Germany as to their willingness to come into a Peace Conference on this general basis. If the conference were held and Germany frustrated it by asking too much, Wilson had made up his mind to bring America into the war forthwith, upon the Allies' side. We can all see now what we and all Europe would have been spared if President Wilson's effort had succeeded. Far more than half our dead in the war would have been now alive. We should certainly have had a much increased National Debt, but not a debt that cripples our trade in every market. We should not have been counting our unemployed by the million. We should still have been in danger, certainly, of having future wars to fight, but probably in less danger than now. We should have had no money quarrel with France. In all probability neither Russia nor Italy would have fallen into the hands of an extremist tyranny. Wherever we may look, the world would have been now less needy, less battered, and less soured and degraded. Why did we miss it all?
>
> It is of no use to say that it was because some one person or group of persons, here or there, was malignant, or timid, or sluggish, or did not sincerely want peace. All the leading men in every country were longing for it. After a year and a half of war they were all conscious of the phantom of defeat and national destruction standing behind their shoulders. The more you read the personal memoirs of the time the more you see how terrified they were by what the war's continuance might bring. You see that terror expressed, in Lord Grey's account of this Wilson episode, with the clearness of a man who is too proud and courageous to shirk such admissions. But they were all held tightly in the grip of the forces that they had set in motion, between them, when they let the war begin. They had debarred themselves from being reasonable now. We have learned elsewhere that the leading men in Germany knew, as soon as the Battle of the Marne was lost in 1914, that no smashing victory was thenceforth obtainable. All they could hope for Germany was to come out unruined. Wilson's terms were what they must have believed, in their hearts, to be the best that Germany could now hope for. But they dared not embrace safety.

MINOR NOTES

Edmond Beniczky, the former cabinet minister who not long ago created a tremendous sensation in Hungary by accusing Regent Horthy of virtual complicity in the assassination of two prominent Social Democratic journalists in Budapest, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment and a

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fine of fifteen million kroner — apparently for *Majestätsbeleidigung*.

Frankfurter Zeitung has compiled the following statistics of comparative weekly wages in Europe and America. They are converted into American currency at the rate of four gold marks to the dollar:—

	Masons	Machinists	Spinners	Pressmen
Austria	$10.07	$8.50	$4.13	$8.45
France	10.03	9.45	6.38	10.46
Germany	14.04	8.64	5.64	12.00
England	20.53	11.86	14.79	22.05
United States	69.30	50.82	——	55.44

Arbeiter Zeitung comments upon these figures: 'Continental workingmen occupy to-day the status of coolie laborers compared with the Americans.'

THE *American Weekly* of Buenos Aires publishes an account of a fifty-million-dollar project, worked out in New York upon the initiative of the Argentine ambassador, for a three-hundred-thousand-horsepower hydro-electric development at Iguazu Falls, one of the greatest scenic centres in South America, seven hundred miles from Buenos Aires. It is proposed to deliver the current at the latter city, where it can be sold at a cost of only sixty per cent of the present rates. The Iguazu Falls are much larger than Niagara Falls, being two and one-half miles wide, or considerably more than double the width of the latter, and two hundred and sixty feet high, as compared with one hundred and sixty feet at Niagara.

A REACTION against Bolshevist propaganda has apparently manifested itself in China. At a Labor meeting in Shanghai last August the Moderates and the Communists came to blows and at least two men were killed. Apparently the cause of the difficulty was the dissatisfaction of the strikers at failing to receive strike pay from their Bolshevist union officials.

THE THINKER

Caillaux in Yankeeland
— *L'Opinion*, Paris

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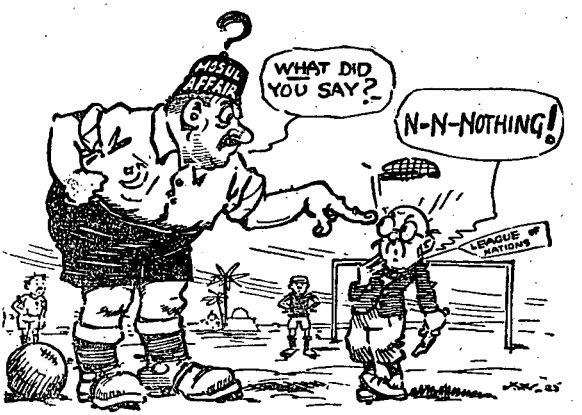

The League Dodges the Issue
— *Daily Graphic*, London

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IS ENGLAND DONE?[1]

BY SIR PHILIP GIBBS

It would be a tragic task for any historian to write the passing of England. It could only be written, as some think it may have to be, in agony, by any man who remembers what England, with all her faults, has meant to the world in the time of her power and wealth and vitality of spirit. We were great adventurers. We were generous with our gifts of human quality. Apart from all hypocrisies of statesmanship, mob passion, passing follies, the heart of our people beat through the centuries to a steady rhythm of life, inspired by ideas, or instincts, of justice, liberty, tolerance, good-will to friendly folk, duty, and discipline. Is that rhythm of life broken at last? Has it all been jangled into a mad discord? Has our spirit been weakened by overstrain? . . . Is England done?

A frightful question, which one hesitates to put down in black and white. Yet it is being asked by thoughtful men and women in thousands of English homes after dinner, when the cigarettes are lighted, in quiet rooms. Worse still, it is being asked by foreigners who come over here on summer holidays — Americans mostly — with keen eyes, which draw rapid and perhaps false conclusions. They see the beggars in our streets; hear hard-luck stories on the tops of buses; stare at the crowds of young men hanging round the Labor Exchanges in provincial cities and London; see, or think they see, a dwindling of effort and vitality, a creeping up of pessimists, a spreading pauperdom which shocks them. It was an American lady, shrewd, observant, friendly, who asked me that question the other night. 'Is England done?' she asked. 'Are n't you losing grip? . . . It seems to me that if you go drifting on in this way, subsidizing laziness, — is n't that what the dole means? — there 's only one end to it all, and that 's ruin. I 'd be sorry!'

It is not good to hear things like that from Americans or any others. Yet they are said. The questions are nagging in our own minds. They demand an answer, rather urgently. I confess that my own stock of optimism is rather low at the moment, and I must admit also that since the war it has never been very high. From the first day of peace I saw, or thought I saw, that we were going to be hard hit by the laws of economics. I never had any faith at all in the golden tribute of German reparations. Seeing the state of European countries like Russia and Austria, to name only two, I did not perceive a quick recovery for British export trade. I saw the death of our markets, and looked ahead to lean years for England and the Empire.

But above this recognition of black facts I had faith in the courage and sanity of our people. Had I not seen that courage in its highest manifestations of self-sacrifice? As for sanity, we were all a little mad in the war, but with peace it would come again, I thought, our old sanity — as all of us thought, too hopefully. Now that hope,

[1] From the *Sunday Times* (London Pro-French Sunday paper), *September* 20

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the last to which we cling, is wilting a little.

The governing powers of Great Britain — Liberal, Labor, and Conservative — have put rather a strain on the faith of the average man like myself, looking for a recognition of our new problems of life, and especially of our economic needs. We took over new mandates of Oriental territories without counting the cost. That did n't seem quite sane in view of our new poverty. We spent, and are still spending, vast sums on government administration which does not add much or anything to the production of national wealth. That seems like blindness to plain facts visible to the average citizen. We have gone back to the gold standard without thinking out its consequence to export trade. No government has done anything whatever beyond niggling measures to reduce the figures of unemployment. They are not reduced.

And every government has failed in courage to tell the truth to the people, to give them a touch of inspiring leadership which would unite all classes in a common endeavor to meet a common danger, which is the possible ruin of England and its Empire. The danger is hidden. The people are still unaware of it, in spite of warning voices here and there. There is no attempt at unity rising above political parties and cries, but a very steady drift into class antagonisms and class hatreds. The employers of labor have been asking for trouble as well as getting it. There is no generosity or pity in them for the men whose wages they want to cut down. They manœuvre for position, as in warfare. One cannot help suspecting that. And from middle-class homes young men, and middle-aged men, are enrolling themselves quietly in Fascist bodies, which mean, if they mean anything, a preparation for civil conflicts against men who were their comrades in the war — many of them at least. On the other side are groups of young men — and women — enrolled in other bodies and societies, flaunting the Red Flag, as Communists, eager to make cheap martyrs of themselves, cursing capitalism, ready for the 'lark' of revolution, whose terrors and consequences — for themselves — they have never seen and cannot guess. That does not seem like sanity in good old England.

But what has most shaken the hope of the ordinary man and woman in the recovery of England is, of course, the recent Trade-Union Congress with its avowed purpose of revolutionary action. There can be no doubt whatever that resolutions passed by that Congress will be devastating in their effect upon English opinion, although I am convinced that the main body of the men do not go so far as their leaders or anywhere near it. They will lead — and are leading rapidly — to a reaction among people of conservative minds, hardening opinion against the laboring classes and the trade-unions, killing liberalism and generosity of thought, putting fear, and therefore cruelty, into the minds of people who have property to defend, and who believe in the old traditions of English life. I see it among people whom I happen to meet. They will make no more concessions to Labor. They will see them damned first.

And how can one blame them? How is it possible to walk in the middle of the road, between the two extremes? Personally I have given nine tenths of my sympathy to the working classes — though it has n't helped them. They have had a very short innings of liberty and comfort. They have had their heads above water only since the middle of the last century. They have fought desperately for a decent standard of life, and so far as houseroom is

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concerned have not attained it yet. Need we hate them because they put up a resolute resistance to being beaten back to the old standard? Are they not justified? I think they are, subject to the possibility of maintaining their present standard without the general ruin of the nation, including themselves, at a time when the world does not want our coal and other sources of wealth, at our prices.

Where one's sympathy slumps and all one's optimism fails is in face of two depressing facts. One is the demoralization of men — and women — who do not want to work, and who refuse to work as long as they draw the dole. When the hay was being made this year some gentleman farmers in my neighborhood went to the local labor exchange and asked a number of unemployed to give them a hand in return for a good day's wage and free beer. Not a man accepted the offer! They asserted that haymaking was too 'hard' a job for them. If that 's the spirit of England, we 're in a bad way indeed.

The other depressing fact is the insane folly, or the deliberate wickedness, of the trade-union leaders who profess to believe that they can improve the lot of the working classes by revolutionary action of the Russian type leading to the 'dictatorship of the proletariat,' the downfall of the capitalistic system, and the ideal of Communism. Either they are grotesquely ignorant of what has happened in Russia and of what would kill us quickly as a nation dependent for our life on export trade, or they are liars. Their lying, I think, is more likely than their ignorance; for they must surely know that Russia has abandoned Communism — all but a few rags and tatters of its creed — because of its hopeless breakdown after years of misery, when the industrial classes almost starved to death, and has long gone back to the rights of private property and private trading, still in wretched state because of the utter lack of credit and capital.

I saw Russia in time of Communism, and it was diseased and famine-stricken. This country would be worse in quicker time if revolution broke out or Communism prevailed. In Russia ninety million peasants could scrape some kind of living out of the earth unless droughts blasted their fields, as in the region of the Volga. But in London, Liverpool, and other great cities our populations would get nothing out of the pavements except stones to kill those who had led the way to ruin.

If our working folk are pauperized until they lose the will to work, or if they follow revolutionary leaders into ways of violence and destruction, — I do not believe they will, — then indeed we shall see the passing of England and all that was good and gracious in its life. Our Oriental Empire will be a flaming anarchy in which the weak and innocent will perish. The world will lose its strongest rock of defense against brutality and tyranny and the ethics of the jungle. For even our enemies look to us, not as people of great virtue, perhaps, but as strong guardians of law and order. If we give way, the outposts of civilization will be driven in.

Is such a thing possible? Yes, in my belief, now, it is possible. But only if forces of revolt on one side come to an absolute clash with forces of fear and cruelty on the other side. Only if there is no statesmanship, no sanity, no spirit of compromise and commonsense on all sides. I believe, as thousands of moderate men believe, that there is still time — but not much time — to stop the rot in our social state.

It will not be done by a policy of drift. Still less by forcing Labor to its knees by a general assault of lockouts

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and wage-cuttings. It can be done only by the willing and generous sacrifice of all classes, not asking Labor to get back below the poverty line while we keep all our luxury, but reducing our standard of life from top to bottom. It can be done only by desperate economies in national expenditure which would ease the burden of taxation and release capital for business enterprise. It can be done only by withdrawing the dole from work-shy men; by abolishing the restriction of output under trade-union rules and substituting piecework and profit-sharing; by getting a million people out of this country into the overseas Dominions; and by getting many other people out of the cities of England, Scotland, and Wales into the fields as a new peasantry producing some of the food which we now import.

We need, above all, the call of great leadership to the old spirit of a race which is by no means done, but needs only some shock of fate, some strong emotional impulse, some honest and fearless truthtelling, to reassert its old courage, to unite its classes as in time of war, to make heroic effort by common sacrifice to recapture its old spirit of adventure and enterprise. We are not done yet; nor, by the instinctive common-sense of the common man, shall be.

The only thing we can bank on now is the sense of humor, the hatred of hot air, the underlying steadiness, of that average man who showed his quality in the last war, and won it for us.

It is the last hope of optimism, and still a good one.

A NEGATIVE ANSWER[1]

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Sir Philip Gibbs stirs one to go on where he has left off. He pleaded very ably, and left off in the general; but remedy, if there be any, lies in the particular. I seem to remember that the Prime Minister not long ago appealed for unity in the general. Have we had it since? Before we can expect unity we must find common ground for effort and for hope.

But Sir Philip Gibbs is quite right. The state of England is, indeed, parlous; and one fact about it is liable to be underestimated. The war has not so much produced, as revealed, the parlous state of England. In 1914 the fire of our present distress was ready laid; the war but put a match to it. We are a top-hampered and utterly unbalanced country; we have been becoming so, slowly, through our industrial inventions, expansions, and expedients of the last hundred and fifty years. Four fifths, at least, of us live in towns; already, in 1911, only 1,260,000 out of 36,000,000 people in England and Wales were engaged in the production of food; and to-day the proportion is even smaller. In 1923 we paid a food, drink, and tobacco bill of some £466,000,000.

Until the war, with the aid of

[1] From the *Sunday Times* (London Pro-French Sunday paper), *September 27*

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European markets and our carrying trade, we managed along without perceiving our essential unsanity. The war has left us with standards of wages and costs of production above the European rates, and hours of work below them; and exchange running against us, from the trading point of view. We cannot compete — and, tariffs or no tariffs, I believe we shall never again be able to compete — with Europe as we did. In other words, though England is still ethically and strategically married to, she is now economically divorced from, Europe.

The first fact to face is that the standard of living cannot be lowered or wages decreased to enable us to regain the full of European markets. It is a tragic mistake to think that they can. It follows that our hope lies *outside* Europe, in the markets of countries where our own standards of wages and living prevail — in other words, in the Americas, and more especially in that new world which we still oddly call the British Empire, but which is really the British Commonwealth of Nations, whose demands at present unfortunately do not nearly equal the mother country's power of supply.

The second fact to face is that the position into which we have slowly got ourselves by following the line of least resistance, without looking ahead at all, cannot be materially altered this year or next year, or indeed within five years. It cannot be cured by top-dressing, or by shuffling the cards and waving political wands. It can only be remedied by national unity in big measures definitely adopted and long sustained. Just as during the war the effort had to be national, far surpassing in every direction what was supposed to be practical politics, so now, in this state of civil drift and dissension, called peace. Tinkering, in face of our real position, is idle; worse, it's stupid.

Sir Philip Gibbs appeals for great leadership. But before great leadership is possible, Party and Class must stand aside, as they did in the war. And the preliminary to any fundamental measures of remedy is national recognition that they afford real promise of a better future, and a patient truce while these measures are being developed and given a chance. None will consent to be patient unless he sees real hope of salvation in the distance.

Now, I am a mere novelist, unconnected with any party, unversed in practical affairs, but at least an undiluted Englishman with that much stake in my country, which I believe, with Sir Philip Gibbs, to be in a pretty poor way. This is my excuse for daring to whisper in the ears of the wind what I conceive to be two underlying measures of remedy. They are not what are called practical politics; and yet are as much more practicable than were our output of munitions and our adoption of conscription during the war as the spending of two hundred millions is more practicable than the spending of two thousand millions.

The first, of course, is the expansion of emigration to the Dominions, but with a frank recognition of the fact that the Dominions will not accept spoiled material. By all means let us continue to send out as many adults as we can. But the English adult, in the main, is spoiled for this adventure by town life; and the few still on the land we cannot spare. That leaves children. The English child is magnificent material. The Big Brother movement, Dr. Barnardo's, and other small schemes of child emigration have shown the way — there is nothing new in the principle. But why should we not make it a national policy, and aim at transferring every year some two hundred thousand boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen to those great coun-

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tries which are panting for population, but which quite rightly want it good? In seven to ten years' time (for the first two years would go in propaganda, equipment, and experiment) this policy, carried out with loyal coöperation between all parties here and the Dominion Governments and peoples, would reduce our unemployment to pre-war rate, at least, and pay for itself in the saving of dole. Within twenty years the trade demand from the Dominions would equal our supplying-power and free us completely from dependence on European markets; and the racial unity of the British Commonwealth of Nations would be assured.

I can hear the howl that will go up at the thought of such wholesale benefiting of our young. 'Armchair theorist! The inhumanity of it! . . . You have n't any children, or you would n't talk like that! . . . How do you think we can spare the shillings they earn? . . . And where's the money to come from?' . . . Well, of course, this thing can't be done unless it is so well done that it is manifestly for the children's good, and freely recognized as such by the people of this country. It can't be done, it would n't be done, without safeguarding the children in every way, and duly preparing their chances in life. But considering what their chances are in the England of to-day, and the possibilities of the new countries, it should not be very difficult to bring public opinion round on this point, especially as we shall all continue to be perfectly free to send our children or not, as our individual judgment dictates.

Further, this thing cannot be done unless the people and governments of the Dominions welcome the scheme and bend their energies and good-will to ensure the children's fortunes. But since it is the very thing the Dominions need, it is not at all likely to be rejected by their common-sense, if their common-sense is properly approached. Obviously, before public opinion in this country will rise to the level of such a wholesale measure, an agreement between Party leaders is necessary, and an intensive national propaganda here, among those who know nothing of the world and its chances outside England. The scheme may be ambitious, but to say that it is not possible is — too easy. Where there is a will there is a way, and an Emigration Loan would supply the means. Desperate situations need heroic remedies; but when, in the war, the heroic had to be done, I am under the impression that it was done, and that men and money were always forthcoming for the doing. So it would be now, if the thistle were grasped.

The other fundamental measure of remedy that I have to whisper is not new either — I have seen it somewhere propounded, and I suppose it lodged in my inconvenient imagination. It is simply that the Government should control wheat: that is to say, should take over all dealings in wheat, purchasing at world-price all the overseas wheat needed by our population; purchasing also all home-grown wheat *at a price such as tempts the farmer to grow it*, and selling it to the public at the average between the two prices. Considering that since the war the price of the quartern loaf has remained very much the same, while the price of wheat has varied between eighty shillings and forty-two shillings per quarter, this would not raise the price of bread; but it would, year by year, raise the acreage under wheat. On the increase of the acreage under wheat depends the growth of agriculture as a whole; make wheat securely profitable once more and all else shall be added unto it. There is no other way of really revitalizing that industry. But the profit in wheat-growing must be steady and permanent.

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You cannot play fast and loose with farming, as was done after the war; policy must be continuous and must guarantee reasonable profit to the reasonable farmer. Improvements in tenure and education and marketing may all be needed; but without making wheat a safe investment for the farmer, these will not bring certainty of profit to agriculture as a whole. Certainty of profit alone will cause recovery; and recovery in agriculture — a 'going back to the land' — is an absolute necessity for England, now.

Moreover, in governmental control of wheat lies the possibility of wheat-storage, which — until we are much more able than at present to feed ourselves — is vital to our safety on this island, given the altered conditions of warfare. For a wheat-control policy money is needed only for advance payment (apart from the construction of granaries for storage), and there seems no deep reason why any of the three political parties should object to it. Yet it cannot possibly be adopted without a general undertaking that it will not be reversed, for the very essence of its benefit is the conferring on agriculture of a continuing policy and a stable profit.

Thus we come again to the need for national recognition of remedies and a patient truce during which they can be initiated and applied. We are quarrelling and drifting now because we see no certainty, not even a reasonable chance, of recovery ahead.

There is no real change in English character or in English fibre; what we were, with our virtues and our defects, before the war and during the war, we are now; we *seem* changed because we see no real hope before us — have no definite salvational aim. We are simply harrying to and fro in a dreadful situation, seen more or less clearly for the first time. Among people in such a state of mind, of course, there is no unity, there cannot be. Before men will act with vigor and direction they must see the chance of definite profit and reward. We are a competitive people, and at our best when trying for a prize; but the prize must be visible or we don't try. I have the temerity to suggest that these two remedial measures offer that prize, not at once, but within a few years.

If we adopt and ensue them with united strength, trimming the rest of our policy to suit, and preserving, while we ensue them, an industrial truce, without cutting present wages or lengthening present hours, without demanding increased wages or shorter hours, I believe we shall begin within five years to emerge from the dark wood of to-day; and that if we don't adopt such measures we may get ourselves utterly lost.

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THE GHAZI ON A TOUR[1]

BY D. VESSAZ

MUSTAPHA KEMAL has just made a tour through the district between Angora and the Black Sea, stopping several days at Kastamuni and Ineboli — cities that have not seen the ruler of their country for centuries. He did not hesitate to mingle with the people and to talk with even the humblest. Not only did he receive the more important dignitaries of that region, but at his own request he met many minor officials, and representatives of the different guilds and societies, down to those of the porters and the shoemakers. He talked with peasants, urging them to organize coöperative societies and to buy modern agricultural machinery; and he accepted the presidency of the Farmers Union of Kastamuni.

Besides these manifold activities, the President visited libraries and newspaper offices, and inspected factories. In one of the latter he told the young mechanics: 'The more men like yourselves our country has, the faster it will advance along the path of progress.' When receiving the representatives of the public-school teachers at Ineboli, he asked them bluntly: 'What do you think of the abolition of the local private schools?' Their answer, which was highly approved by the Ghazi, was: 'It is an excellent measure, for it is better to have the children taught in fewer schools by competent teachers than in many schools by incompetent teachers.'

In a word, Mustapha Kemal looked carefully into every phase of public and private life wherever he went. He asked questions, called for reports, gave advice, and spoke encouraging words to all who wished to see him. It is quite natural, therefore, that he should be extraordinarily popular. The tiniest hamlets erected triumphal arches in his honor. At Kastamuni the roofs of the houses were black with spectators when he passed. Everywhere he was received with enthusiasm and native fêtes were organized in his honor. Even the fishermen of Kastamuni welcomed him with their ancient dances, singing their old chantey, *He ya mola! Ya mo!*

Never before has Mustapha Kemal laid more stress upon Turkey's need of modern civilization. The first step in that direction was taken in the army, which was reorganized on a European basis. The fact that this modern army saved the nation has given Western methods enormous prestige and has facilitated their adoption in other directions. The Ghazi was the first to insist upon reorganizing the administrative and judicial branches of the Government upon modern lines. Now he is endeavoring to persuade everybody to follow this example. He would have the common people adopt Western civilization in their private lives.

For example, in addressing the residents of Kastamuni and Ineboli, he urged them to employ the most rational, economical, and efficient principles and methods in whatever they

[1] From *La Bulgarie* (Sofia French-language Pro-Government daily), *September* 8

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undertook. He does not preach mere mechanical imitation of the West. His central thought is that the Turkish nation must get rid of its mystical attitude toward life, and learn to look at the world entirely through the eyes of science and reason.

Among other things, the Ghazi laid much stress on the matter of apparel. He declared that Turkey, having adopted such modern inventions as the electric light, the telephone, the airplane, and the wireless telegraph, ought also to adopt the clothing and the headgear that go with them. It was not merely a question of being modern, but a question of hygiene and economy. He gives an example of what he means by personally dressing like a Western business man. At Kastamuni, noticing a European suit displayed before a tailor's shop, he asked in a loud voice: 'Is n't that a suit cut according to the international fashion?'

'Yes,' was the reply.

'Well, then, observe this,' said the Ghazi. 'That suit is simple and inexpensive.'

On another occasion, seeing a fez on the head of a merchant, he shouted: 'Just look at that. Under that fez he is wearing a sort of nightcap, and outside of it a turban. He has to pay a good price for each of these three articles, and the money goes abroad. Is that sensible?'

Addressing a large audience one evening he said: 'Consider our Turkish and Mohammedan world. We see everywhere people handicapped and discontented because they cannot reconcile their thoughts and their habits to the changes that civilization demands. That is the reason we are backward, the reason we have suffered so many misfortunes. We owe the fact that we have saved our country during the last five or six years entirely to a change of attitude toward such things, and we can't stop halfway. We've got to keep going. Let every man bear in mind that civilization is such a powerful force that it consumes and reduces to ashes those who oppose it.'

At Ineboli, in speaking again of the revolution in clothing that he wants to bring about, he said: 'The international garb adopted by civilized nations is perfectly appropriate for our people. To those who oppose its adoption I say: "You are ignorant fools. Why not wear a hat, since you wear a fez, which is the headgear of the Greeks?"'

That is the way Mustapha Kemal talks. He does not indulge in pompous phrases or oratorical periods. His language is simple, direct, familiar, such as the most humble and ignorant can understand.

He is possessed of one great idea — to civilize the people. He believes that Turkey should adopt whole-heartedly and unreservedly modern civilization as it exists elsewhere in the world — that she must keep step with the century.

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AN EXHORTATION TO PROGRESS[1]

BY PRESIDENT GHAZI MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA

[THE following article is a newspaper report of a speech delivered by the President of Turkey at Kastamuni on August 29, 1925.]

'THE object of the revolution which we have already put on a secure footing, and which we are still carrying on, is to give to the citizens of the Republic a social organization completely modern and progressive in every sense. It is imperative for us to discard every thought that does not fall in line with this true principle. All absurd superstitions and prejudices must be rooted out of our minds and customs. Only thus can we cause the light of truth to shine upon all the people.'

Referring to the practice of some Moslems of praying at the graves of their departed priests and of tying bits of cloth in the grilled windows of their tombs to remind them of their petitions, the Ghazi said: —

'It is shameful for a civilized nation to expect help from the dead. Let the worthy occupants of those tombs rest in the happiness which they have found in a religious life. I can never tolerate the existence, in the bosom of a civilized Turkish society, of those primitive-minded men who seek material or moral well-being under the guidance of a sheik, possibly blind and hostile to the clear light of modern science and art.

'Comrades, gentlemen, fellow countrymen! You well know that the Republic of Turkey can never be a country of dervishes and sheiks and their disciples. *The only true congregation is that of the great international confraternity of civilization.* To be a real man it is necessary to do what civilization commands. The leaders of the *tekkés* (Moslem cloisters, shrines, or "monasteries") will comprehend this truth, which will lead them voluntarily to close those institutions as having already fulfilled their destiny.

'It is my duty to my conscience and to history to set forth openly what I have seen and felt. The Government of the Republic possesses a bureau of religious affairs. This department includes a numerous staff of imams (priests), muftis (chief priests), and scribes. These functionaries are required to have a certain standard of knowledge, training, and morality. But I know that there are also persons who, without being entrusted with such functions, continue to wear priestly garb. I have met many among them who are unlearned, or even illiterate. Yet they set themselves up as guides for the nation! They try to prevent direct contact between the Government and the people. I should like to know from them from what and from whom they have received the qualities and attributes which they arrogate to themselves. . . .

'It is said that we Turks have a national costume. However that may be, whatever we wear is certainly not of our own invention. The fez is of Greek origin. Very few of us would be

[1] From *Askham* (Evening) (Constantinople independent daily), *September* 1

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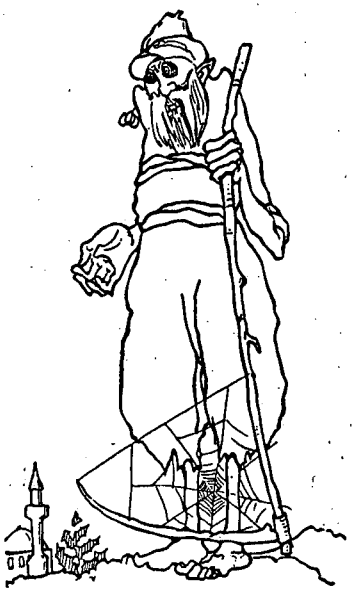
able to say what constitutes a national costume. For example, I see in this crowd a man who is wearing a fez wound round with a green turban. He has on a vest with sleeves, and over that a coat like my own. I cannot see what he is wearing below that. What sort of clothing is that anyway? How can a civilized man consent to make himself ridiculous in the eyes of everyone by decking himself out in such outlandish garb? All employees of the Government, and all our fellow citizens, will have to reform such anachronisms in their dress. . . .

'By her great achievements the Turkish nation has proved that she is a nation essentially revolutionary and new. Even before these last few years we had entered upon the path of progress. But all our efforts to advance remained relatively futile. The reason we failed was that we did not pursue our purpose with method. It must be clearly recognized, for instance, that human society is made up of the two sexes. Is it possible for one half of society to progress while the other half is neglected? It is imperative that man and woman march together along the way of progress at the same time and in the same step. We may note with satisfaction that we at last appreciate this necessity. Let us look straight at this question, then, and face the consequences with courage. . . .

'I close with these beautiful verses from our great poet, Namuk Kemal Bey: —

'"This nation cannot die. If the impossible should come to pass, that she should die, the earth itself could not sustain the weight of her casket."'



THE PEASANT UNDER THE SULTANATE

THE PEASANT UNDER THE REPUBLIC
— *Ak Baba* (The Parrot), Constantinople

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IN UNEXPLORED KARAKORAM. I[1]

BY PHILIP C. VISSER

EARLY on the morning of June 6 we left Pasu with a caravan of ninety men. An hour's climbing brought us to the great Batura Glacier. Scaling a succession of ice ridges covered with mud and stones, and picking our perilous way between grotesquely distorted séracs or ice boulders, we reached without mishap, an hour later, the solid ground on the other side, thoroughly warmed by our arduous labor in the bright morning sun.

During our crossing we cast many a glance toward the point where the mighty glacier emerged from its mountain fastness. Thither our way led eventually, when later in the year much of the snow with which it was now covered should have disappeared. The first village we reached was Khaiber, followed, after passing a few isolated huts, by Gircha. Here we left the camp master whom we had brought from Gilgit to establish a second base-camp. We were still on the Kashgar trail, but one day's travel would bring us to the point where we should leave it. The nearer we reached that goal where the torrential waters of the Kilik and the Khunjerab unite to form the Hunza River, the keener was our curiosity. Soon we should be at the entrance of the mysterious valley.

As we were crossing a bridge swung over the river just where it plunges into a fearful chasm between smoothly polished perpendicular cliffs that rise on either side like the doorposts of a mighty portal, with rectangular effects like those of a futurist picture, a man advanced to meet us. He said he was in the service of the Mir and had been ordered by his master to guide us to the confluence of the Kilik and the Khunjerab.

Leaving the river below us, we clambered up a narrow trail along a mountain-side diverging from the stream, and descending again came to a bridge across the Kilik where the Kashgar trail turns off toward Mishgar. Our guide, who apparently was herding a flock of sheep belonging to the Mir on a neighboring mountain-pasture, assured us that we could get into the Khunjerab Chasm, but advised us to hurry forward the next day as rapidly as possible, for the water was already rising and would soon completely close the entrance.

We decided, therefore, to pitch camp on a flat sandy place close to the river, and to wait for what the morrow might bring forth. Sitting in the shadow of a little birch-thicket under a thin canopy of tender, feathery, pale-red blossoms, we watched the chafing Kilik plunge past us from rapid to rapid on its way to join the great foam-covered, raging Khunjerab. The fact that this river was shallower in the morning than it was later in the day, and that its waters were a grayish yellow, indicated that it had its source in some glacier in the high mountains beyond.

At the first blush of dawn we were ready to break camp. Almost immediately we had to ford the stream, but

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *September* 20

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the coolies jumped without hesitation into the cold water, keeping in groups of two or three to avoid being carried away by the current. We had retained one riding-pony with us, and the powerful little animal performed good service by carrying us Europeans across in succession upon his back.

It was not long, therefore, until the whole caravan, including our dog Patiala and Peter the sheep, were safely on the other side. Ten minutes' walking, however, brought us to another impasse. Huge precipitous cliffs rising directly out of the water barred the way, and we were compelled to ford the stream again to reach the other side. Half an hour later we had to repeat this manœuvre again.

By this time the situation began to look unpleasant. The current grew stronger and the water deeper, so that it seemed prudent to send across first on the pony a man carrying a rope that we made fast on both banks to keep our forders from being carried downstream.

Everything went well until Munir Khan, who followed Patiala, — of whom only a little black speck was visible, — suddenly lost his balance. Luckily he kept his hold on the rope, and our united efforts finally got him to land. A moment later I saw Aziza, the cook, struggling desperately in the foaming water, his turban floating down the stream in a long blue ribbon, followed by his shoes, and immediately after them Peter the sheep, whom he was carrying in his arms.

It was an exciting moment. Johann on one bank and I on the other pulled at the rope with all our strength, while coolies hastened to his assistance. Aziza completely disappeared for a moment except for a wild tangle of waving arms and legs. A minute or two later, however, he was dragged to a place of safety — a pitiful bundle of drenched clothing. He was considerably upset, morally as well as physically, by his adventure, but recovered his composure when Peter, who had become his inseparable companion, appeared in triumph, having valiantly fought his way to shore unassisted. Nevertheless, both had been within an inch of death.

I feared that a repetition of such experiences would become monotonous, for we were obliged to ford the river a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth time. The savage stream seemed determined to keep every mortal out of its wild domain. Again and again we were stopped by mighty cliffs; again and again we plunged into the ice-cold river, hoping each passage would be the last that would be necessary.

Not until the afternoon shadows were growing ominously longer, were we at last able to turn our backs on the river and clamber up a steep slope. Dry pebbles gave way to an upland meadow, a little silvery brook appeared, and — miracle of miracles! — a rosebush covered with deep-red blossoms, incomparably more beautiful than any other wild roses our party had ever beheld. Indeed, they were flowers born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air. We picked the great fragrant blossoms, and our coolies, laughing with delight, stuck them in their caps.

With a sigh of relief I ordered the tents to be pitched. In view of the difficulties we had encountered, our day's losses were not serious — the cook's shoes and turban, and the coat of one of the Mir's 'men of rank.' That was the extent of the toll that the savage Khunjerab had exacted from us.

Next day we climbed higher and higher, losing sight of the river entirely, and after crossing the Titirri Pass reached the stream again toward evening. A detailed account of our

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march would be tedious, for we had to ford the stream no less than twenty times between Kilik and the Barakhun River. After the second day we sent back our pony, as we could not take him farther. Fortunately the subsequent fords were easy; but it was a most unpleasant sensation to feel the powerful coolie on whose shoulders I was perched slipping sidewise, and to face the prospect of a plunge head foremost into the icy water. Luckily other coolies were always at hand to steady him at the critical moment, and no such disaster befell me.

Wherever a tributary flowed into the valley there would be a little green oasis dotted with bright flowers. Small birch-groves and shrubbery bordered these pretty camp-grounds, which always made a grateful interlude after our long marches along the steep banks paved with boulders and rolling pebbles.

One evening as I was quietly writing before my tent I was suddenly interrupted by excited voices from the coolie corner of the camp. There was great confusion. Everybody was talking at once and gesticulating wildly. The men declared that they would not follow the sahibs farther; they would all die of hunger in this wild unknown country, or be drowned like rats in a trap, for the water was so high in the chasms that supplies could not be brought forward.

I assured them they had no reason for their alarm, that there would be enough to eat for everybody until we reached Shimshal, where we should find a way across the mountain. They could trust us to bring them safely home.

After my speech they scattered, and I thought it best to take no further notice of the matter, although I heard lively individual discussions still going on at intervals.

Nothing further happened until dusk, when I suddenly saw, first one, then two, then three, forms darting through the twilight, followed by a whole group of men headed toward the river. As they had stripped themselves of almost all their clothing, I realized immediately that they were planning to cross the river and desert in the darkness. At my alarm call the whole camp was instantly alert. Khan Sahib darted out of his tent in ridiculously scanty garb, a long alpenstock in his hand. The 'men of rank' also rushed forth with a blood-curdling war-cry. My friend ran up with a heavy club in his hand, and I joined in the hue and cry with my trusty ice-pick.

As soon as the coolies saw us pursuing them they lost their courage and slunk back to their quarters, like whipped dogs with their tails between their legs. But we thought it prudent, nevertheless, to gather all stores in our own tents that night and to set a guard over them. Nothing disturbing happened, however, and the next morning the whole caravan set forth without further protest. We continued our march up the wild, beautiful gorge, with its roaring torrent, its towering cliffs, and its snowy peaks gazing down upon us from far, far above. I write this from the confluence of the Bara and the Khunjerab, and plan to explore the valley of the former river before proceeding farther.

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GERMANY'S SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN[1]

BY CAPTAIN FRIEDRICH SCHLOSSER

[In the article that follows, by a former U-boat commander, passages dealing solely with the polemics of the submarine campaign and the more technical engineering and strategic aspects of his subject have been omitted.]

Germany's submarine flotilla at the outbreak of the war consisted of twenty-seven boats of which at least a third, by reason of various defects, were unfitted for active service. This flotilla was rapidly augmented by three types of vessels designated in the navy as U-boats, UB-boats, and UC-boats. The first were the largest and were designed for longer cruises. They had a displacement of about eight hundred tons, a cruising-radius of from ten thousand to fifteen thousand miles, and carried ten or twelve torpedoes and at least one gun of from eight to ten centimetres calibre, with a crew of from twenty to thirty men and three officers. They were the backbone of the submarine fleet and were almost exclusively employed in the campaign against the enemy's merchant shipping. The UB-boats were smaller and were used on service nearer home, particularly to attack vessels plying between Great Britain and the Scandinavian countries. They were originally designed, therefore, for service in the North Sea and the Baltic, but for a time, in default of larger vessels, also operated in the Mediterranean. They had a water displacement of five hundred tons and a cruising-radius of seven thousand miles. Their crew consisted of twenty men and two officers, and they carried six torpedoes and an eight-centimetre gun. I should add that soon after the beginning of the war all our submarines were provided with machine-guns as a defense against airplanes.

Our UC-boats were a special type designed exclusively for mine-laying, and were not provided with torpedo tubes. Since they could perform their duties with complete invisibility, they were able to mine areas where it would have been impossible for a surface vessel to operate. They were employed with great success until toward the end of the war, when the whole English coast was equipped with listening-apparatus, which made it impossible even for a submarine to work within effective proximity of British harbors. These boats carried, according to their size, from twelve to twenty-four mines in a long box extending the entire length of the keel. These were released from inside the boat by a simple lever-contrivance. After the mines were once on board they could not be reached again, and so the depths for which they were adjusted before leaving port were irretrievably fixed. Such mines anchored themselves automatically.

This problem of anchoring mines so that they will remain at a definite depth beneath the surface has been satisfactorily solved. For example, the great mine-fields that the British laid in the English Channel, mainly to keep

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt, Wochen Ausgabe* (Vienna Liberal daily, weekly edition), *August 22*

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German submarines from passing westward, were a failure, because our boats had only to wait for ebb tide, when the mines were visible like heads of cabbage on the surface of the water, and it was easy to avoid them.

Every navy claims that its mines are so designed that if they break loose from their anchorage they are harmless. But that claim must be taken with a grain of salt, as numerous marine disasters after the war proved. In waters insufficiently policed by naval vessels, like the Black Sea, there soon were more floating mines than ships. Nor is it strange that these unpleasant wanderers appeared almost everywhere with their swift message of destruction. We need only recall that during the autumn of 1917 and the spring of 1918 the British anchored between the Orkney Islands and the Norweigan coast, where the average depth of the sea is over six hundred feet, a line of mines four or five mines deep and two hundred and fifty miles long. Almost one hundred thousand English and American mines were used in this single barrier.

After our first submarine-successes Germany began to increase her submarine flotilla as rapidly as possible. But as it took a long time to construct the larger type of boat, a great number of tiny divers of about one hundred and twenty tons displacement were begun, as they could be finished on short notice. It was intended to transport these boats by rail to points nearest the scene of active operations, especially on the Belgian coast. With that in view they were constructed in three sections, each capable of being carried on a special railway-car, and could be assembled at their destination in about two days.

These little boats were shipped, not only to Belgium for use in the English Channel, but also to the Adriatic. They could not pass through the Semmering tunnels, but had to be conveyed by a long detour. In order to escape the curiosity of people along the route, the rumor was spread that the huge canvas-covered cars contained wild animals belonging to a circus. But the yarn was not very plausible and everybody soon discovered the truth. I myself accompanied such a train from Bodenbach to Pola, and was considerably disturbed to have a fat, good-natured brakeman say to me with a knowing grin: 'Wild animals! Iron fish, I guess!'

As soon as we began to build these sectional boats the idea suggested itself of making them with two interchangeable bows, one designed to carry cargo and the other equipped with torpedo chambers and torpedo tubes. These boats were then laden with munitions and supplies, of which they could carry fifty or sixty tons, and sent by sea to German Southwest Africa, where they discharged their cargo and then returned to an Austrian Adriatic port. At the latter point their cargo section was removed and replaced by a torpedo section.

These tiny little boats made numerous voyages of this sort from Germany, north of the Orkney Islands and clear down to German Southwest Africa, and from there back to Cattaro on the Adriatic, practically without mishap. One such vessel reached Cattaro with only fifty litres of fuel oil left in her tanks. She had met a succession of storms and head-winds, one more of which would have sealed her doom. From Cattaro several of these boats were sent to North Africa laden with arms and ammunition for the Senussi, who were fighting the Italians in Tripoli. These Argonaut voyages were a real achievement, for we must remember that the distance from Emden to German Southwest Africa by the route our boats were forced to take was no less than fourteen thousand miles. These

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little divers had only one engine of about eighty horsepower, and could make but five and a half knots an hour. They therefore required at least one hundred and six days to complete the voyage from Emden to German Southwest Africa and from the latter point back to Cattaro, even with the best weather.

In spite of the exceedingly confined quarters in such a little submarine, each sailor had his own berth, though it was not a very roomy or luxurious sleeping-place. A folding shelf against the wall and a couple of blankets constituted this part of the accommodation. Other conveniences were equally simple. A single folding-table served both for dining and for spreading out the chart. The worst hardship was the limited supply of fresh water, and it was necessary to use salt water for all washing-purposes. Another hardship was the lack of room for exercise. Only in the very best weather did the narrow deck afford a stretch some fifty feet long and five feet wide for walking.

Consequently these long three-month journeys bore little resemblance to a modern ocean-voyage in a luxurious liner. The greatest danger that threatened such a boat was the failure of her single engine, for on account of her small burthen she could not carry extra machine-parts. In view of this, the fact that we lost only two boats on this route during the entire war must be regarded as a miracle. . . .

During the earlier stages of hostilities no one in Germany thought of employing submarines to torpedo merchant vessels without warning. It was assumed as a matter of course that they would be used in precisely the same way as other warships, and for a time it was expected that their principal value would be in defensive operations. We fully expected Great Britain's Grand Fleet to raid our coast immediately and to try to destroy our weaker German navy at a single blow. We also thought the enemy would try to accomplish this by a surprise, which indeed was essential for success. In order to prevent that it was of the utmost importance to detect hostile skirmishers at the earliest possible moment. But the British could see our airships and scouting vessels, and would therefore know that they had been detected and change their plans.

It was determined, therefore, to use submarine lookouts, which would be invisible to the enemy. Their orders were to notify our coast stations by radio the moment a hostile vessel was sighted.

The first English war-vessel to be sunk by a German U-boat was the three-thousand-ton cruiser Pathfinder, which was torpedoed on September 5, 1914, just outside the Port of Leith. This cruiser was on lookout duty for the Grand Fleet, which was concentrated to the north of Scotland at Scapa Flow. But a far more notable achievement was the sinking of the three British cruisers, Aboukir, Hogue, and Cressy, off the Hook of Holland, on the twenty-second of the same month. These three vessels were torpedoed in succession within two hours. This was due to the courageous and self-sacrificing conduct of their commanders — which proved so useless, however, that it was never again repeated.

At this time the British navy had not gained sufficient respect for our U-boats. Consequently these three powerful and costly cruisers, each of twelve thousand tons displacement, were patrolling carelessly without torpedo-boat escorts, within easy range of submarine attack. After the first cruiser had been torpedoed the other two were placed in an embarrassing position. What should they do? Hundreds of

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sailors were swimming about them. Should they let them drown? The commander of the squadron ordered the second cruiser to rescue the swimming men. Scarcely had the latter swung out her davits to lower her boats when a torpedo struck her full-on and sank her inside a few minutes. Untaught even by this experience, the third cruiser hurried up to rescue the crews of the two other vessels, but, exercising more caution, her commander manœuvred her in great circles and shot aimlessly at the water on all sides. But the shells were as harmless as so many peas. The submarine merely waited until its third victim was within easy range and sank her almost without effort.

That taught the British Admiralty a lesson. In the future no important vessel was allowed on the high seas without an escort of torpedo boats. Immediately a complete reversal of sentiment regarding the submarine took place. That weapon was as much overrated as it had previously been disparaged, and vigorous measures were taken to guard against it. Notwithstanding all that, however, our submarines continued to be successful in their attacks upon enemy vessels, although it required great skill to avoid the escort of destroyers and to reach the capital ship that was their objective. Nine days after the sinking of the three cruisers just named, a submarine torpedoed another British cruiser, the Hermes, in the English Channel, although she was accompanied by torpedo boats. On the first of January the British battleship Formidable, of fifteen thousand tons displacement, was also sunk close to the harbor of Plymouth on the south coast of England, in spite of a powerful escort of torpedo boats and destroyers.

Of course part of the German submarine-flotilla was operating in the Baltic against the Russian fleet. On October 11, 1914, it sank the Russian cruiser Pallado of eight thousand tons displacement. Naturally some submarines were sunk in these campaigns, but as the defense against them had not been perfected our losses were comparatively light. They were confined to a few instances where our U-boats ran upon mines, or where they were surprised by a roaming destroyer in a North Sea fog before they could submerge. On one occasion a U-boat was lying on the surface in a thick fog. As luck would have it, only the officer of the watch and two lookouts were on deck. Suddenly a long, slender, gray shape slunk out of the mist and glided slowly past her at a distance of only twenty-five feet, apparently as startled at the unexpected meeting as were the watchers on the submarine. The unexpected visitor instantly manœuvred to attack the U-boat, but had to withdraw to a little distance in order to bring the latter within range. She could not use bombs at such close quarters without danger to herself. The submarine commander told me later that never before or afterward did he submerge so quickly. Several depth bombs followed him as a parting greeting, but did him no damage.

After we started our campaign against merchant vessels our mine-laying submarines began to scatter their messengers of destruction in front of every enemy harbor. Their work speedily bore fruit. Among other vessels, the first-class British battleship Audacious, having a displacement of twenty-four thousand tons, was sunk on the north coast of Scotland in October 1914.

Great Britain took prompt measures to meet these new perils by declaring the whole North Sea a danger zone and planting great areas with mine-fields. Fishing-boats, which were plying con-

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stantly up and down the coast of the British Isles, were armed and ordered to attack any submarine they saw. Merchant captains were directed to ram a U-boat on sight and were promised a large monetary reward for every one they thus destroyed. All available torpedo boats were detailed to convoy important merchant vessels in and out the mine-fields. These merchant vessels were also armed and provided with naval gun-crews for their protection.

But the most dangerous devices of the enemy were the so-called U-boat traps, by which a large number of our U-boats were destroyed before we learned caution. The British soon became past-masters in the art of rigging up these decoy ships so as to make them appear like harmless merchantmen. Commander Otto von Weddingen, who had sunk the three British cruisers already mentioned, lost his life, his vessel, and his crew in such a trap. He had been placed in command of the U-29, a much larger submarine than the U-9 in which he had performed his famous exploit. One morning he discovered a vessel flying the Swedish flag proceeding at moderate speed through the blockaded area of the North Sea. He approached and ordered her to halt. The ship promptly obeyed. The U-boat came closer for the purpose of launching its tender and sending a search officer aboard. Nothing suspicious had so far occurred. The strange ship lay motionless until the tender was launched. Just then, however, the water under her stern was suddenly churned into a white foam, and, turning with surprising ease, she shot forward at a high rate of speed, directly toward the submarine. The alarm was given, the men in the tender jumped back on their mother boat, hatches were clapped down, the submarine submerged. But it was too late. Her conning-tower was not below the surface when the Sweden, now flying the British flag, crashed into her, and she and every man aboard her sank to the bottom. We did not learn how she was lost until several months later — and then through confidential channels. The enemy reported nothing.

These new defensive tactics, which had been developed by the spring of 1915, naturally compelled us to devise new offensive tactics. In spite of our losses, we had by this time about forty seaworthy submarines. Our campaign against merchant vessels was progressing satisfactorily. The Government began to publish a record of the tonnage sunk each month, including neutral vessels 'in the service of the enemy.' The London Admiralty's figures included only British vessels; hence certain discrepancies that caused much comment at the time appeared in these statistics.

German U-boats were of course compelled to regard an armed merchantman as a combatant vessel to be torpedoed the moment that fact was discovered. But only in rare instances was it easy to determine whether a commercial steamer carried guns; for these were usually more or less concealed. Until the unrestricted campaign against enemy shipping began it was not permitted to torpedo a merchant vessel without warning unless it was absolutely certain that she was so armed. It was particularly difficult for the commander of a U-boat to ascertain this in case of a ship in rapid motion. Even if he managed to creep up within a few hundred yards of her, he had then to discover in a few seconds, and under great physical difficulties, whether she was also a fighting-vessel. If he did not see the guns and discharge his torpedo at once, she would be already out of range. It took a highly practised eye to make this observation through a periscope. This was the situation from

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the outbreak of the war until the end of January 1917.

Merchant vessels, especially those of the British marine, began to carry guns in the second half of 1915. Several battles, sometimes lasting for hours, were fought between single U-boats and such ships. They usually ended with the victory of the former, for the larger size of an ocean steamer made her a much better mark than a small submarine. But it also happened on numerous occasions that the vessel attacked escaped by virtue of her superior speed. Even the best and most modern U-boats were unable to make more than seventeen knots an hour. Most of them were limited to twelve knots, while large passenger-steamers could ordinarily speed up to at least twenty knots. On the other hand, the ocean tramps, which seldom made more than ten knots, were at a disadvantage compared with their assailants.

Up to the declaration of the unrestricted submarine-campaign very few merchantmen were torpedoed without warning. Most vessels of this character were sunk by opening their sea cocks or by attaching small bombs to them after the crew had been removed. On several occasions our submarines towed into sight of land the small boats carrying the crew of a torpedoed vessel. It is not true that German submarines ever fired upon boats containing the crews of sunken vessels, although there was a temptation to do so on some occasions, because our naval officers believed, rightly or wrongly, that the British followed that practice toward the Germans.

It is not my purpose to go into these irritating details in the present article. I shall merely mention two incidents that caused great popular resentment in Germany and created a spirit favorable to reprisals. In August 1915 the German submarine U-27 was at the southern entrance of the Irish Sea. On the ninth of that month she stopped the English teamer Nicosian inbound from America, discovered contraband goods on board, and prepared to sink her as soon as her crew had been removed. Part of the Nicosian's men were already in their small boats and part were still on board when a smaller steamer under the American flag approached at high speed. She therefore seemed to be a disinterested neutral, the more so as she was a merchant vessel. The newcomer, furthermore, had the American colors painted conspicuously on both sides of her bow. Consequently the submarine commander naturally assumed that her purpose was to rescue the crew of the Nicosian and take them to land — something to which he could not object. Her purpose, however, was quite different. When she was within about two hundred yards, she suddenly opened a deadly fire against the U-27, which was lying on the surface of the water, and simultaneously raised the British war-flag. The submarine was struck and damaged so that she could not dive. Her crew was therefore forced to desert her and take refuge on the Nicosian.

Up to this point there was nothing extraordinary in the incident. The submarine had been caught by a stratagem permitted under international law. The decoy ship had, according to the rules of war, raised her national fighting-flag before attacking. Her trick had succeeded. But the laws of war are equally rigid in demanding that the enemy should spare his defenseless opponents. That meant the Germans were to be made prisoners.

While the Nicosian took the swimmers from the U-boat aboard without question, the decoy vessel — it was the Baralong, Captain William McBride — began to fire upon the helpless Germans swimming in the water, so that most of

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them were shot or drowned. Among those who lost their lives in this way was Lieutenant-Commander Wegener, commander of the submarine. Not satisfied with this, the Baralong ran alongside the Nicosian, whereupon her captain ordered the Germans who had escaped in spite of his fire to be lined up on deck, and had them shot down with revolvers like so many animals. This account of what happened is based on the sworn testimony of several Americans who were on board the Nicosian at the time, and who certainly were not pro-Germans.

A similar incident occurred in connection with the forced descent of a German naval blimp, the L-19, in the English Channel. This airship lost her way and flew over Netherlands territory, where she was fired upon and struck, so that she came down in the open sea. She immediately began to sink. At the last moment a British trawler, the King Stephen, which happened to be in the vicinity, approached the wreck and was appealed to by the crew to rescue them. The commander coolly refused to take the Germans on board, on the ground that his crew numbered only ten, while the enemy numbered twenty. He then drew away and left the sinking Germans to their fate. Every one of them drowned; but before they went down they placed an account of what had happened, with a touching farewell to their families at home, in a sealed bottle, which was picked up about a year later. The conduct of the captain of the King Stephen was approved in England, even by the Bishop of London.

Considered objectively to-day, we see that such incidents merely prove that the English people thought our submarines were a mortal threat to their mastery of the seas. Otherwise their natural cool-headedness and self-control would not have permitted them to act as they did. We can easily understand how a nation that had considered itself hitherto the undisputed mistress of the seas might completely forget itself when a dangerous usurper came suddenly upon the scene.

England soon discovered that the number of submarines was steadily increasing, and confidential private reports to the effect that Germany was launching one new boat a week began to receive credence. This was not true, at least during the early years of the war, but every great shipyard in Germany was soon busy constructing these vessels. Moreover, our U-boats were soon standardized so perfectly that every machine-shop in Germany from the Baltic and the North Sea south to the Swabian Alps was working upon their parts. During the whole period of the war two hundred and eighty submarines were launched. Of these about thirty were the little sectional boats with one engine that I have already described. By the third and fourth year of the war it was not unusual to launch three new boats a week.

During the summer and autumn of 1915 the Entente States had not perfected the convoy system, which was first developed in the spring of 1917. That system, and that alone, defeated Germany's submarine campaign.

Our U-boat operations during the intervening period can be illustrated by a single case, which contained all the elements of our strategy at that period. A German submarine cruising in the Irish Sea approached a harbor. This does not mean that she came in sight of the harbor, for that would have been incurring undue risk. It means that she cruised about the harbor in an arc having a radius of about twenty knots. A large vessel is sighted. She approaches rapidly. The submarine submerges, for the vessel, which is a merchantman of a familiar type, at once

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opens a heavy fire upon her. As soon as the submarine is out of sight the merchantman hastens at full speed toward the harbor. A little later the same submarine detects a second steamer approaching from the open sea. The latter stops when signaled to halt, and proves to be an English ship with war material from North America. The submarine orders her crew to take to the boats and prepares to sink her. Just then a very large passenger liner, the Arabic of the White Star line, appears. Driving ahead at full speed, the Arabic tries to ram the submarine, whose commander still has his recent bombardment by another boat vividly in mind. He immediately submerges and attacks the approaching steamer, torpedoes her, and a quarter of an hour later she lies at the bottom of the sea. The German Government knew from confidential advices from North America that this boat was bringing great quantities of munitions from the United States to England on every trip, and was carrying gold back to that country to pay for them.

Since the Arabic carried passengers, including several Americans, the incident naturally caused great excitement in England and the United States. Quite similar was the sinking of the Lusitania on May 9, 1915, off the south coast of Ireland, by another of our U-boats. Violent secondary explosions, caused by great quantities of ammunition from America aboard her, followed the explosion of the torpedo. Even had the explosions not occurred, the German Government had positive knowledge that the Lusitania, which was rated on the British naval list as an auxiliary cruiser, had been carrying ammunition from America to England and France since the beginning of the war. Every such cargo, in view of the great size of the ship, represented an essential contribution to the military power of the Allies. Besides that, the German Government had repeatedly notified the American public through its Washington Embassy of this fact, warning passengers not to patronize this steamer because she carried dangerous munitions.

Quite apart from that, however, the fact that the Lusitania was an officially registered auxiliary cruiser of the British navy perfectly justified attacking her at sight. When she sank, several American citizens were injured or lost their lives. The damage suits brought by them or their survivors after the war resulted in a decision by the American court that the torpedoing of this vessel was permissible under international law. That decision, however, was not rendered until 1922, and at the time the vessel was sunk a tremendous wave of indignation swept over the United States as well as England.

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THE PASSING OF THE PIANOFORTE[1]

BY W. J. TURNER

Not long ago there was an interview in one of the daily papers with a well-known English musician, who expressed the opinion that, whereas a few years ago all the music shops used to be filled with songs and pianoforte and violin music, now their windows were nothing but 'a wilderness of gramophone discs and jazz.' Teachers complain that they have fewer pupils, as the young amateur prefers to hear how Casals plays the Air for G String rather than take lessons from some local professional: —

> Wireless and the gramophone have broken the head of the amateur, and I firmly believe that soon the piano and the fiddle will be as out of fashion in the average British home as antimacassars and wax flowers.

Even if this were true, I see no reason why one should complain of the passing of the pianoforte from the average English house. The violin, a much smaller and less expensive instrument, has never been a universal possession in the way the pianoforte has — due, no doubt, to the more excruciating character of indifferent playing upon it. But the pianoforte has always been in most British households more of an ornament than an instrument for daily or even weekly use. More pianofortes have rusted away in the British Isles than have ever been worn out with practice, and in the house in which I am writing this there stands a pianoforte made by Broadwood which had not been opened for years until I opened it the other day and found that it was useless for playing on until it had been tuned.

It would not in the least surprise me if in another fifty years the pianoforte were an extinct instrument along with the viols and the harpsichord. Children alive to-day may come in their old age to festivals of nineteenth-century music much as we to-day go to Mr. Dolmetsch's Elizabethan concerts and listen to a family playing on the viols and virginals. And at these nineteenth-century concerts the great feature will be, of course, pianoforte recitals. Here the Dolmetsch of 1975 will have one great advantage over our Mr. Dolmetsch. He will have gramophone records of the last of the great pianists, of Busoni, Hofmann, and Paderewski, to show him exactly how these masters played the defunct but perhaps still beautiful pianoforte-music of Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Brahms, and Liszt.

And how incredibly old-fashioned all that music will sound then. I confess that to me Chopin is already past hearing. I can no longer relax my consciousness into the necessary dreamy acceptfulness of those lulling, hypnotic, automatic melodies. Already we need something more conscious, more intellectually contrived and thought out. The inspired swan-song or nightingale arabesque of the natural genius does not satisfy us any longer. That is why we have discovered — even the least cultured and self-conscious of us — a new and hitherto unexplained liking

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), August 29

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for the music of J. S. Bach. We listen to Bach much as we stand in a ship's engine-room and gaze at the moving machinery. We are fascinated by the complexity and efficiency displayed before us. We watch it as it goes spell-bound, and immediately it is over we want to go and do something equally complicated and efficient.

It is curious that no one should have thought that obviously the only way of reconciling the modern tendency to specialization with the equally modern and equally strong desire for general culture was by the invention of practical methods of making available to others the discoveries and the achievements of the specialist. It was the comparative rareness and inaccessibility of great pianists that made people buy pianofortes on which they might awake faint echoes of the divine strains they had occasionally heard. A visit of Paderewski to a provincial town or a colonial or dominion capital would immediately afterward increase in that place the sale of pianofortes upon which a few of the more receptive souls would try to reawaken their fugitive pleasures. Now, however, thanks to the gramophone and the wireless, Paderewski and almost all the other great musical masters are made or are being made accessible to everybody at a moment's notice. Naturally it would be ridiculous to attempt to play one of Bach's Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues when in a second one can hear it played by the pianist of one's choice upon the gramophone. Actually, one cannot quite do this as yet. The whole of the 'Forty-eight' are not yet available on the gramophone even at the hand of one pianist, let alone with a choice of three or four; but it is only a question of a few more years before all the best music will be available.

Similarly broadcasting, which at present is the hobby of the most illiterate and ignorant section of the public, will gradually cater for the connoisseur. All concerts will in time, no doubt, be broadcast, and one will be able to choose what concert one listens to exactly as one chooses to-day what night one will go to the 'Promenades.' At present the 'Promenades' are not broadcast, but they will be in the near future, for broadcasting will not lessen the attendance at these concerts. In fact, it is more likely to increase it, for there are millions of people in London to-day who have never heard of the 'Promenades,' and it has been proved by the concerts given by the British Broadcasting Company that numbers of their listeners-in are attracted to attend the public concerts partly out of sheer curiosity and partly out of a desire to taste more nearly and intensely the pleasures they have experienced so mysteriously through some invisible medium in space.

But that music or any of the arts is likely to be adversely affected by these mechanical inventions for multiplying the concrete work of art I do not believe for one moment. We can compare the invention of the gramophone and of the wireless to the invention of printing. Printing made books accessible in thousands to the multitude. The gramophone and the wireless apparatus are making music equally accessible; but the invention of printing did not kill literature, nor did the vast new reading-public that followed on popular education kill literature. No one but habitual pessimists and disgruntled sentimentalists rhapsodizing over the past believe that there were more good books written a hundred years ago than there are written to-day. The possibility of such a belief is due solely to the illusive antithesis that because there are more bad books written to-day than a century ago there must also be fewer good books. The fact

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is simply that there are more books, and since the proportion of good to bad is always small, so the average book one casually picks up to-day will be of poorer quality than the average book one would have picked up a hundred years ago — which is an entirely different proposition and a much less depressing one.

In music I agree with those who think, like Sir Henry Wood and many other professional musicians, that the gramophone — and I include, but to a lesser extent, broadcasting — is an invaluable means of educating taste and increasing knowledge. I hope that the effect of these inventions will be to decrease steadily the number of amateurs — in the sense of half-trained people who play badly — and to increase steadily the number of true amateurs, that is to say, people who have learned to hear and understand, to listen to music with true discrimination and enjoyment. Those are the only desirable amateurs. Certainly they are the only amateurs the professional works for.

And the professional will then be the man with the greatest natural aptitude for the particular kind of mental and physical activity his art requires. I do not believe that it is necessary to practise an art before it is possible to understand it. That, I think, is the purest nonsense invented by bad artists to safeguard their works from criticism. On the other hand, it requires a long and sustained training to understand and appreciate works of art. But by developing a natural aptitude for hearing and understanding music by constant practice and self-criticism one can learn to be an amateur of music in the real sense of the word, and unless one is an amateur in this sense one's opinion is worthless and cannot be considered as a judgment of any sort.

Now the greatest barrier to developing a real understanding of music is at last overthrown. The passing of the pianoforte heralds the new age. The pianoforte more than any other single object will be looked upon in years to come as the emblem of the Victorian age. Queen Victoria in future portraits will be described as seated at a pianoforte playing Clementi's exercises, and I think it was a singular omission on the part of Mr. Lytton Strachey that he did not conclude his remarkable tribute to Queen Victoria with an ode in blank verse to the pianoforte.

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THE CORSICAN ROCAMBOLE[1]

BY MARIA GAR

I AM at the Casino Napoléon. You cannot take a step at Ajaccio without meeting Napoleon. It is Café Napoléon and Boulevard Napoléon; every self-respecting citizen of the capital wears a fob on his watch-chain reproducing the features of his great compatriot; and every third street-urchin is called Napoleon. On the Place du Diamand, in front of the old Abbatucci Barracks, Napoleon's figure sits astride his stone steed, surrounded by his four brothers. The sculptor shot himself when the work was done, but the stone face, turned seaward, remains impassive. What was one more victim after so many hundreds of thousands — one drop of blood after the seas that had been shed?

So I stand on the stage of the Casino Napoléon, ending my Russian song. My accompanist shakes his wavy mane and strikes a final chord. The audience is ravished and howls '*Brava! Brava!*'

Suddenly an automobile siren wails at the door and several motors purr. Eight shots sound in rapid succession. The public stirs. The fat manager leaves his counter and runs headlong out of the door. What is the matter? Shots — but shooting is a common thing anywhere in Corsica, and I never before saw Signor Santarelli excited by it. Presently the door opens and four newcomers join the hushed audience. Brown-velvet suits, red sashes, soft hats. They have rifles slung behind their shoulders and cartridge-boxes behind their belts. All four look like brothers — tall, slender, sunburned. All have the same aquiline profile, thin lips, and fiery eyes — the usual Corsican type, approximating the Arab in its savage and severe beauty.

They take possession of a corner table without a word. The manager is all solicitude, and the waiters run eagerly back and forth. A mechanical piano starts up and couples begin to dance. Everything as usual; and I too put on my wrap and prepare to leave the stage. Just then Signor Padrone catapults into me from behind the scenes and gasps: —

'Signora . . . They have come for you.'

'Who are they?'

'The nephews!'

'The nephews! Whose nephews? Signor Padrone, what is the matter with you?'

'Ah! His nephews. Rumanetti!'

Rumanetti! The Corsican Rocambole, the bandit who keeps the whole island in terror, the overlord of Corsica whom even the police obey! What do they want?

I step down into the hall, and one of the four — the tallest — approaches me.

'Signora the Russian singer! Will Signora permit us to offer her a glass of champagne?'

The automobile races along the narrow road skirting the seashore. The country grows wilder and wilder and the rocks steeper as we progress. Have we

[1] From *Russkaia Gazeta* (Paris Monarchist daily), *January 25*

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covered fifty kilometres or a hundred? The driver increases the speed. My escorts are silent. Moonlight plays upon the polished steel of their rifles.

In a wild gorge the car finally stops. We climb a rough trail up the mountain. Finally we reach a clearing surrounded by dense forest, the *maki* which is as impassable for a novice as the Siberian taiga. Fires burn. In the middle of the clearing stands a hut roughly built of boards, but its entrance is draped with rich hangings of red silk. One of the 'nephews' lifts them and escorts me into a room where, at a table literally loaded down with silverware, a rather small clean-shaven man sits quite alone. Two revolvers lie on a platter before him. What a strange face! Heavy eyelids, tight lips, unbearably gleaming eyes whose glance it is hard to face. In spite of his small stature, his well-proportioned figure gives the impression of unusual strength.

He rises to greet me.

'Welcome, Russian Signora! I am the bandit Rumanetti. I should like to hear how you sing your "Cigarette" and the other Russian songs. I like Russians. I had two of them with me, but one of them was shot by his sweetheart and the other stole a gold watch and ran away to Marseille. I was very sorry. Yes, I was. The Russian signoras are very brave, are they? Everybody here is afraid of me. Ask them — how many people did Rumanetti shoot? Some will say three hundred, and others thirty. Foolish people! Have a drink, Signora.'

We drank, and then out in the clearing, to the accompaniment of a guitar, I sang for them *Vanka Kliuchnik* and other songs. The pine forest murmured in the wind. The red gleams of the camp fires played upon the faces of the outlaws who gathered in a circle around me. Below, near the entrance to the gorge, stood several sentinels. All this on French territory, in the twentieth century and twenty-four hours from Marseille!

Champagne foamed in silver mugs. Then the bandits sang together a wild and droning song in the Corsican dialect. It sounded cheerless and mournful in the cold gray light of the dawn.

'*Grazia, Signora.*'

As the automobile hurried me off to my house in the early spring sunshine, along another narrow road near the water, I could not believe — unless I looked at the huge bouquet with a silver clasp that lay in my lap — I could not believe that all this was a real occurrence, that no cinema-operator had sat behind the bushes turning his handle, photographing my adventures. And the refrain of the Corsican song sounded in my ears: —

I am a Corsican freebooter,
And death has no terror for me.

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JOYCE AND BEYOND JOYCE[1]

BY JAMES P. O'REILLY

It is still advisable when writing of James Joyce, even when one is about to attack him, to proclaim at once and in definite language that one is neither his disciple nor his admirer. So I do proclaim it here and now, lest anyone should miss the drift, or, if I may be so bold, the moral of what follows.

No matter what we may think of James Joyce, there is one fact we cannot lose sight of — the influence his work has had on modern European literature. This is an age of pygmies, a 'late and frozen day' wherein he who is not a pygmy seems gigantic. Joyce is not a pygmy. Indiscriminate praise and, still more, indiscriminate blame — both coming, I think, largely from those to whom his works are little known, and both based upon one feature, undoubtedly the most characteristic, of his work — have made him a mythical giant — the glory of the 'advanced' coteries, the unmentionable evil of the defenders of public morals. It is Joyce's technique, rather than his matter, that places him in the literary world, and it is his technique with which I am concerned as I mention him in passing on to that queer new technique that is Beyond Joyce.

His most notorious work, *Ulysses*, is obviously one that should not be on sale in bookshops for the casual public — as it has been in Dublin, but not in London or New York. I would add, though, that it is my personal opinion that the widespread sale in this country of a certain type of British Sunday newspaper is far more dangerous to public morals and taste than the sale at a high price of *Ulysses*. *Ulysses*, on account of its form, demands a great mental effort to follow, a definite degree of education to understand. In fact, many experienced literary men have confessed their inability to read it at all on quite other than moral grounds. Vice in Joyce is anything but attractive: it is hideously revolting. Can the same be said of the Sunday papers?

His *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* has always seemed to me his best work, as it is certainly the work least offensive to the reader. It is, like most modern-work novels, largely concerned with sex; its flaw is the lack of balance. Here Joyce is an artist. He selects and controls his material — he suggests the imagination of a first-class studio photographer rather than of a great painter, we must admit — and produces a picture of the very first rank of its kind. I have reread it during the last few months in its new edition. It will certainly live as a brilliant example of Unbalanced Realism. Certain scenes in it are unforgettable; the Christmas dinner incident, which sums up the Parnell controversy with such vigor and pathos, is the work of a master of drama. I suggest that this book is the typical and finest example of what I am going to call Stage One in a series which will end, I fear, in Stage Four — unless it can turn aside at Stage Two.

For Stage Two I take *Ulysses* — the next work of Joyce in time of appearance. Here lack of balance is more pro-

[1] From the *Irish Statesman*, *September* 12

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nounced; control is loosened; subconscious thoughts intrude, even dominate. It is almost incoherent in places, but the incoherencies are studied, and there are reasoned deliberate passages at intervals. It has an air of direction, of purpose, about it, notwithstanding its sprawling limbs, its brawling obscenity. The author's mind is fixed, fairly definitely, on the lower instincts of man. These are always close at hand, and he never wanders far from them. Mind certainly has been used, or misused rather, to produce *Ulysses*. This is the latest work of Joyce that I have read.

There is a third stage to which he may, for all I know, have come. I call Stage Three of the series Beyond Joyce, because I think Joyce's work, consciously or unconsciously, has inspired it, though its supporters would disown the first two stages. Those whose work is included in my Stage Three call it *Surréalisme*, and they are sufficiently numerous and noisy to be called a movement or a school; they call themselves a revolution.

Manifestoes and other works of the Surréalistes lie before me in scarlet jackets. They seem primarily intended to cause a sensation, an uproar, and it takes a little study to discover what these new declarations of the Rights of Man mean. However, it would appear from them that what is really wrong with the world is a false notion of reality. The world of the subconscious is the real and important one for human beings. It is the world of dreams that matters, not the world of reason. Surréalisme is defined for us as pure psychic automatism by means of which thought itself can be expressed. A Surréaliste is one who acts merely as a registering apparatus, one who is a vehicle only, through which thought dictates in the absence of all control exercised by reason or by æsthetic or moral standards. The Surréalistes would break the chains which have so long bound mankind, the chains of the intellect and the will, the chains of custom and tradition, literary form — everything in which the human race has until now been cabined, cribbed, confined.

There have been some great men, M. André Breton modestly admits in his manifesto, who were in some degree touched with this spirit of freedom. For instance, Chateaubriand is a Surréaliste in the exotic, Swift in maliciousness, and so on. But they are not Surréalistes proper, because in them can be seen a number of preconceived ideas and standards to which, as M. Breton puts it, they very naïvely clung. Pride, intellectual pride, kept them from complete Surréalisme — pride ruined alike Saint Thomas Aquinas and Anatole France. The semi-Surréalistes, Swift and others, were imperfect instruments; they sounded inharmonious notes. To change the metaphor, — Surréalisme is strong in metaphors, — the stylist is the worst type of literary man, for he functions like a coffee-machine of the filter variety. Each sentence, each phrase, each word even, has been strained through a filter, selected, examined. Some pass, some do not. His brain, his reason, his whole mental outlook, acts as filter to his thought. The Surréaliste abolishes all this filtration, for he acts simply as writing machine or talking machine to his uninfluenced, unswayed — at least not consciously swayed — thought. According as one has the facility to register, by word of mouth or by writing, uninfluenced thought, so one approaches Surréalistic perfection. M. Breton tells us in a reverential whisper that there is one man among them who has almost attained perfection — M. Desnos, who *speaks* Surréalistically. Happy M. Desnos! You have all but arrived at Stage Four. As I meditate on you,

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M. Desnos, I cannot help saying that the speaking of one's thought uninfluenced by reason is not entirely unknown in Ireland. If one has little reasoning ability and that little is put to sleep, is not one almost a Surréaliste? Have we not ourselves heard Deputy X. address his constituents? And did not Mrs. Z. murmur to me in a serious, abstract manner, as we danced in Dublin last winter, this, Surréalistically, almost perfect phrase: 'Yes, we have no bananas!'?

But let us consider the methods of Surréalisme proper. Strangely enough, the directions are of the kind one associates with Conan Doyle or Oliver Lodge for automatic writing of the spook-medium variety. Sit in a favorable spot where the mind can concentrate on itself — or on nothing at all. Get into as passive or as receptive a condition as possible. While thinking of nothing definite, write quickly whatever comes to mind — quickly, so as not to retain and so as not to rewrite. When you are conscious of influencing by reason what your hand is writing, begin again. Write, for example, a series of *l*'s until the letter *l* unconsciously begins a word, and your thought-series continues. There is the method. Under the title *Poisson Soluble* M. Breton has written half a volume of it. I found much of it quite interesting; certainly it is more entertaining and less harmful, to the reader at any rate, than *Ulysses*. *Poisson Soluble* — which means soluble or insoluble fish, presumably — has been taken as the symbol of Surréalisme; Surréalisme being all that is *and all that is not* signified by a *Poisson Soluble* — whatever that may be.

The monthly organ of the Surréalistes, *La Révolution Surréaliste*, contains, in addition to this psychic automatism, numbers of dreams, photographs of extremely serious and thoughtful young men and women, — presumably Surréalistes, — and reproductions of objects somewhat reminiscent of articles occasionally to be seen in Dublin shows signed 'Mamie Jellett' or 'Cecil Salkeld.' Dozens of little paragraphs cut from French newspapers are scattered through its pages describing various suicides, while in large capitals we find: IS SUICIDE A SOLUTION? Readers are asked to give their views. I am inclined to think it might be; though I can conceive awkward situations if it were not. It is one of those matters in which personal experiments do not help, and so the Surréalistes are driven, literally, to fall back on the Soluble Fish. A more amazing production than *No. 1 — Première Année — La Révolution Surréaliste* I have never seen. Whether this contemporary appeared a second time or not I cannot say. But this I know — Surréalisme is not dead.

The Surréalistes have split up, and the more important group has turned political — it has introduced Surréalisme into French politics. Prolonged study has not made me as clear as I should wish as to this aspect of the matter; but I know enough to find myself in agreement with M. Pierre Drieu La Rochelle (in *La Nouvelle Revue*, July 1925) and M. Paul Souday, the distinguished critic of *Le Temps* (July 6, 1925). Politics will, if persisted in, kill Surréalisme — it may even kill the Surréalistes. It is one thing to talk Surréalistically like the gifted M. Desnos; it is quite another thing to shout 'Down with France' — if you are in France. Besides, this is not Surréalisme. To cheer Lenin, to call on the Chinese to crush Western civilization, to break up dinner parties given to elderly literary gentlemen — all these definite mind-influenced acts are directly opposed to Surréalisme, for they are logical and reasonable things for Surréalistes,

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who, acting absolutely detached from motive and inclination, should more properly call upon Heaven and earth to destroy Surréalisme. In his paternal rebuke to the young politicians M. Souday admits that several of them have produced promising work, to which he has already done justice. He even suggests that in forty years' time they may, sober and conservative old gentlemen, be elected to the Académie Française.

The Third Stage, then, of our series is this Beyond-Joyce Stage — the breakdown of all form and reason in literature, the end of literature. It may appear rather a strange thing that so orderly and logical a people as the French should form a movement of this kind.

My series explains how this has come about. If you adopt the technique of Stage Two, *Ulysses*, as the Young Frenchmen did, Stage Three is the only logical outcome. And what is to happen after Stage Three? Unless their political campaign saves the Surréalistes from Surréalisme there is little doubt as to where we shall find Stage Four. When the chains of reason are completely thrown off — even the enlightened Russians and Chinese deal with people so liberated in much the same way as do the Westerns — padded rooms take the place of the chains.

From a padded room, therefore, we may expect to be issued the first manifesto of the great movement of the future — Stage Four.

VIPER'S BUGLOSS

BY PERCY RIPLEY

[*The Spectator*]

It seemed as though the steady fires
Of beauty burned in rarest hue;
That loveliness was here most true
Unto the spirit of the earth.

What miracle brought thus to birth
These thousand circling stems of blue,
Crowning the barren hill with worth
Beyond the richest valley's due?

Noon's heavy calm imparts no clue,
Strange plenitude brings deeper dearth;
Silently flower the lambent spires
Over the silent earth.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

HOW TO BE BUSY THOUGH SOCIALIZED

We had supposed that the horrid and hypothetical results of a general adoption of Socialism had all been predicted long since in the Tory press, the tradition-ridden universities, and the servile pulpit; but the tireless imagination of Mr. Bernard Shaw has conjured up prospects of Socialistic evils which so far as we know had remained for him to outline. The Fabian Society is at the moment conducting a series of lectures by distinguished Socialists on the general question of 'Freedom and Authority in the Socialist Commonwealth.' Several of the names on the list of lecturers are widely familiar, and one can guess at least roughly what such authorities on freedom as Mr. Bertrand Russell, Mr. Harold Laski, and Mr. Sidney Webb might have to say. Mr. Russell's exposition, for example, of what he calls the 'Administrator's Fallacy' is typical of his pitiless intellectual processes, and would surely be relevant in the present discussion.

Mr. Shaw, however, will be the last lecturer, and though the syllabus of his lecture has been printed, there is no reason to fear that any of the preceding speakers will tread upon his ground. So far from visualizing gloomily a régime under which all citizens will be forced by law to work, even at distasteful tasks, Mr. Shaw forebodes an economic system of which the chief defect will be that it will not provide *enough* work for those appalling individuals who are not happy unless and until they are kept absorbingly busy from morning to night and are never confronted with the exacting problem of using leisure intelligently. As everyone knows, the socialized State will have eliminated the production of luxuries, will have done away with overproduction in general, and will have vastly extended the use of labor-saving machines. Critics of the Socialist ideal have objected to these innovations on many grounds; but we confess not to have heard it objected that such a system would work an injustice on those Herculean toilers for whom Mr. Shaw is appealing.

The lot of the naturally indolent will be easy enough. In the socialized community the loafer, the bum, the Weary Willie, will have, for the first time in history, a clear-cut and even a conspicuous rôle. Receiving exactly the same share of the State income as the hardest worker in the community, the man with a talent for leisure will have his time beautifully to himself, and Mr. Shaw foresees his being utilized — painlessly — as a naturalist, a weather prophet, a saxophone-player by ear, a walking partner (on the principle of the dancing partner), and an entertaining liar. The possibilities of subsidized loafing are obviously enormous. Mr. Shaw has hardly done more than hint at them in a brief and provocative way.

But his tears are reserved, justly enough, for the insatiable bees of which each community has unhappily its quota. Four hours a day, forsooth! There are men — and, he suggests with the lightest malice, even more women — for whom four hours' work in the

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morning is the merest condiment, the merest hasty overture to a really effective and productive day of sixteen or eighteen hours. Will these men and women be forced to unionize and to call strikes for longer hours and lower wages? Will they — if set free by unsympathetic officials before the working-day is really begun — become a dangerous and infectious centre of discontent? When all our days are half-holidays (excepting a large number of full holidays), will there emerge a kind of inverted truancy, and the newest offense of all be playing hooky from leisure? Mr. Shaw has forced us to ask these questions heart-searchingly.

We anticipate, somewhat fearfully, the organization of Societies for the Protection of Underworked Laborers, and the rewriting of such old hymns as 'Work, for the night is coming' on such new lines as 'Play, for the day is here.'

*

CONSIDERING HOLLYWOOD

THE English poet Robert Nichols has been out at Hollywood to see what the trouble is, and he has been making a lengthy report on the decadence of the American moving picture in the columns of the London *Times*, where his views acquire in all British eyes the unimpeachable validity of holy writ. He has interviewed everybody from Douglas Fairbanks to Mr. Mack Sennett (whom he regards as quite an artistic fellow, all things considered), but on the whole has inclined to a mild and hopeful despair: —

Hollywood, again, is remarkably gullible, a peculiarity it shares with Los Angeles, a city that has become, like all 'booming' cities, a Mekka for every sort of 'faker,' 'near-artist,' spellbinder, downright charlatan, and self-advertising nobody. In the absence of any canon of calibre, the bubble reputation flourishes and achieves proportions that must be seen to be believed. Only the highly technical branches, such as photography, are free from it. A cameraman cannot 'talk' his way; he has to know his job. Were Hollywood to-morrow purged of 'wise-crackers' (superficially clever talkers), the population would fall ten per cent and the industry gain about twenty. But the prospect of such salvation is far off. Producers do not 'know enough' to realize which are the creative minds and which the mere 'smart Alecks.'

He has what will seem to a great many Americans the amazing notion that salvation may come through the women's clubs: —

Persons who have not been in the United States can hardly understand the influence exerted by women's clubs. In every great city, town, and hamlet of the United States these organizations exist. They correspond in some sort to the *Kulturverein* of Germany. Though there is a great deal of nonsense, balderdash, narrowness, and sentimentality about a large percentage of them, yet they do undoubtedly serve in some respects to raise the social and cultural tone, especially in remote country districts and on questions affecting the welfare — within very orthodox limits — of women and children. They busy themselves over every conceivable question, from the regrettable proliferation of short skirts and cigarette-smoking to the spread of Socialist doctrine, birth-control, 'New Thought,' and the Greek Drama, with an industry, and in many cases a superficiality, that astonishes the foreigner.

On the movies, however, with the exception of certain extravagances in the way of censorship, their influence has, as a whole, been good. Perhaps the best work in connection with the screen that the Federation of Women's Clubs does is the publication by local federations of lists of films recommended. No mention is made of those not approved. Contrary to the expectations of many, these clubs have shown an increasing catholicism of taste and in many cases a genuine appreciation of artistic value.

As might have been expected, the British press leaped up with joy at the opportunity of criticizing American

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movies, which interfere with the local British product, and which, to tell the truth, are not the most creditable part of American civilization. The *Times* wrote an editorial about its own articles which it headed 'An Art in Bondage.' The writer, after much solemn consideration of the Nichols report, finally concluded: —

The reform of this prodigious child among the arts must lie largely in American hands, whether we here continue, as at present, to allow our picture halls to be flooded with American films or not.

The Observer sent a man around to interview the local British producers, one of whom reveals the surprising fact that the Prince of Wales goes 'fairly regularly although incognito' to a certain picture palace in London. The British producer is rather aggrieved over the incognito. The manager of the Capitol Theatre complained that, while some American films are very bad and others are very good, a number of British producers imitate only the worst ones.

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LIGHT IN DARK PLACES

DURING the recent advertising tour of the Prince of Wales through the Argentine, the local school-children were taught the British National Anthem that they might adequately welcome the Emissary of Empire. As the poor benighted South Americans are not instructed in the mysteries of English spelling, the song had to be rendered in this wise: —

HIMNO INGLES

God Seiv aua greichas Kin
Long liv aua nobel Kin
God Seiv di Kin
Send jim victorias
Japi and glorias
Long tu rein over as
God Seiv di Kin.

Dai choisest guiifts in stor
On jim bi plisd tu por
Long mei ji rein
Mei ji defend aua loos
And ever guiv as cos
Tu siin wit jart and vois
God Seiv di Kin.

The resulting harmonies, says a British journal, are 'said to have sounded quite all right to English ears.'

✠

SO THIS IS BELGRADE!

DISPATCH to the *Westminster Gazette* from the capital city of some twelve million Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes: —

A court decision has been given in a curious case between two Serbian translators of *Hamlet*.

One made his translation direct from the English, the other through German and French versions. The latter translation was selected by a Serbian literary institution for publication as the best-written and most artistic work.

The other translator, who had translated several other Shakespearean plays from the English, wrote a pamphlet about his rival's work, stating it to have been copied from his own translation.

The matter was brought to the courts, but there are no copyright laws here, and only a libel action could be taken.

The court has been full of literary people, and it was evident that the judges became bored at the recital of translations of Shakespeare, of which author they had no knowledge.

The sentence pronounced was fifty days' imprisonment for the second translator for having used more violent language than the first.

✠

A POSTHUMOUS OPERA AND A LOST ONE

THE opera season at the Scala in Milan will include, among operas by Debussy, Moussorgsky, Stravinski, and Ravel, a posthumous opera by Puccini, called *Turandot*, which was indeed not quite finished at the time of his death, but

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which has been completed, according to instructions left by the maestro, by Signor Alfano. This opera was to have been produced last year, but was held up by the death of Puccini himself.

From Vienna comes the news that the book of an opera for which Haydn must have written the music has been found in the archives of the Esterhazy family. It will be remembered that the Prince Esterhazy was a patron of Haydn's, and the proprietor of a marionette theatre at Esterhaz. The book in question contains a parodistic opera for marionettes by Philip George Bader, and according to the title-page it was 'produced at the Prince's Marionette Stage at Esterhaz, in the autumn of 1778,' and the music was 'composed by Herr Joseph Haiden, the Prince's conductor.' The score, however, is lacking, and no one can say whether it will ever turn up in the same archives to reward the search of diligent Haydn students. The music could hardly fail to have at least some historical interest, for the preface by Bader himself explains that the opera, of which the title is *Dido*, is a burlesque in which the incidents of the original story are utilized in settings of contemporary German and Austrian life. One would like to have a look at the libretto at least. The Queen of Carthage *rediviva* in the Vienna of the Enlightenment strikes one, somehow, as an infinitely piquant figure.

OH, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE!

ENGLAND may ride in American automobiles to see American movies to the accompaniment of American jazz, but there is at least one stalwart Briton left who will not tolerate the American language.

'I for one would go to the stake before I would admit that hideous American word "hike" into the language,' — so runs the rugged protest of one of the *Manchester Guardian's* most virile readers, — 'and I like to think that we have at least one word already which is becoming increasingly associated with a similar idea. That word is "ramble." Ramble is certainly a much more acceptable word, and it means all that is intended.'

*

WHEN TO LIONIZE

THE London *Passing Show* elucidates the social difficulties of a famous artist.

I see that Sir John Lavery is going to hold an exhibition of paintings in October. He told me once that during his public exhibitions his private engagements are trebled; which struck me as rather queer. Then he explained that Society loves lionizing the man of the moment; so that while an artist is being talked about in the papers everyone wants to meet him, but the moment he drops out again they forget all about him.

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AT ODDS WITH THE EDITOR

If Sir Philip Gibbs had not given his game away in the second paragraph, this department would have been as convinced by the rest of the article as the editor of the *Living Age* himself. There was a catch in Sir Philip's voice when he said that the Empire was on the verge of collapse and that only drastic measures could save it. But possibly he did not feel that it would be fair to give such an admirable performance without leaving some clue for guileless Americans like ourself.

* * *

But there it is in black and white: 'It is not good to hear things like that [that is, that England is done — Y.D.] from Americans or any others.' Come now, Sir Philip. Surely it is not so bad as all that. If the survival of Western civilization depends on the welfare of the British Empire, your propagandists — witness yourself — are not so inept, nor are other less enlightened nations quite so backward, as to justify your making these alarming prophecies.

* * *

It may well be that Sir Philip is persuaded by his own rhetoric, but that does not invalidate the two superb foregoing paragraphs. Our New England blood entitles us, we believe, to more than passing consideration; for in spite of the antipathy that all well-bred Yankees feel toward the mother country, we have much in common with her. Our sly Bostonian bankers are of straight English stock, uncontaminated by any alien strain, and the economic position of New England toward the rest of the country is analogous to that of England toward the rest of the world. On paper both of us are done for.

In every economic way, Boston is at an enormous disadvantage to Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Cleveland, and other Babbitt hutches. But Boston has weathered worse storms than the present competition of Zenith realtors can ever stir up. The same thing is true of England, on a much larger scale. Shrewdness has saved us both in the past. It will save us again. Only here we don't write articles entitled 'Is Boston Done?'

* * *

Our partiality to Kemal arises chiefly from our hostility to his enemies, for in spite of his great ability he is blind as a bat on many subjects. One would not, of course, expect the editor of a Liberal paper to have attained that degree of intellectual maturity that recognizes every change as a change for the worse. But for an Oriental to swallow all this poppycock about Emancipation, Science, and Progress is rather a disillusionizing spectacle — even to this hard-shelled old cynic. What if Kemal does take the Turks out of their fezzes and bloomers? They will only be wearing balloon pants, wrist-watches, spats, and illustrated oilskins in a few years. And why change their religion? Think of the substitutes for Christianity that have been peddled about this country since Brigham Young's time, and then

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think what a corrupted Mohammedanism may lead to. The first thing we know some fanatic will be suggesting a monogamous Constantinople.

* * *

Yet there is much to be said for Mr. Mustapha. He has played horse with Europe in a way that cannot fail to delight a country that suckled both Lodge and Wilson. He has not let off the Greeks and Armenians any too easily. At this juncture we shall no doubt encounter the opposition of the entire Near East Relief from Jackie Coogan down, but we have been on the spot ourselves and we know that a Turk is worth a dozen of anybody else out there.

* * *

And now for Captain Friedrich Schlosser and his collapsible submarines. If one or two of the facts mentioned in his article had been broached in these columns during the war, the *Living Age* would now be edited at Fort Leavenworth, but we have revised some of our opinions in the last few years. There are, however, many people — perhaps some of them readers of the *Living Age* — who will still be shocked to learn that there were such things as British atrocities. The Captain tells us of two raw deals, — as if the Germans had never sunk a hospital ship themselves, — but the most important fact he mentions is in regard to the sinking of the Lusitania.

Had we believed in 1916 that the vessel was carrying contraband, perhaps some of us might have been spared a few of those unneutral thoughts that used to vex our President so grievously.

* * *

These recollections about the war lead us right back to England again. Strangely enough, even Honest John Galsworthy does not dwell at any great length over the causes of the present alleged distress, and what he does say is wide of the mark. He contends that long before the war England was digging the pit into which she has now fallen. From this we may infer that even without any hostilities the Empire would have been reduced to its parlous state. The United States, to be sure, has done its best to relieve the British burden of debt, which a sophist might claim was due to the war, but the other nations, possibly because they are not on the receiving end, have been less helpful.

* * *

The British Navy also comes in for surprisingly little attention. According to Lord Grey's delightfully naïve memoirs, poor misguided Mr. Wilson used to regard British Navalism as a pretty fair second to German Militarism — another instance of Princeton scholarship for you!

* * *

To hear Mr. O'Reilly talk about James Joyce transports us to that *je ne sais quoi* atmosphere of the Dome and the Rotonde where the faithful Alphonse bore us many a foaming flagon of Bourgogne in our flaming *rive gauche* youth. On several memorable occasions we caught a glimpse of the bearded author of *Ulysses* in the flesh, surrounded by a few bedraggled admirers, a stern wife, and a beautiful little daughter. Never, it seemed, did James contribute a single word to the conversation, and that fact alone puts us in vigorous agreement with Critic O'Reilly's pronouncement that he is a giant among pygmies. He certainly was all of that every time we saw him, and now that we have read his complete works . . .

YANKEE DOOLEY

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BOOKS ABROAD

Christina Alberta's Father, by H. G. Wells. London: Jonathan Cape; New York: Macmillan, 1925. $2.00.

[*Outlook*]

YIELDING to the insistence of a large section of his admirers, Mr. H. G. Wells has written a straightforward story of the present day. Of course there are ideas in it. Mr. Wells finds it as hard to stop speculating about how the world can be improved as he would to stop breathing. But *Christina Alberta's Father* is predominantly jovial. The scenes in which Preedy is introduced to Bohemia and in which Sargon summons his disciples have as much of real fun as anything he has written. Mr. Wells shows that he can create rich and solid characters, can invent situations farcical but not foolish, can abound in sympathetic imagination with undiminished luxuriance. It was a pity that he dropped this sort of thing for a time. It would be a still greater pity if he did nothing but this. A compromise seems indicated — one *Undying Fire* and one *Christina Alberta's Father* every year; then nobody can complain.

The Heart of the Middle East, by Richard Coke. London: Thornton Butterworth, 1925. 18*s*.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

MR. COKE is probably right in assuming that much of the confusion in which we have become involved with regard to Mesopotamia is due to our ignorance of the country, of its people, and even of its history. He has made a praiseworthy attempt to enlighten us, therefore, in a book which goes very fully into these matters, and which, though it is 'popular' rather than profound, and allows us to see, now and again, how thoroughly he is convinced that, having 'persistently undermined and finally destroyed' the previous Government, we must remain in its place, will be useful. Mr. Coke reminds us that our connection with 'Mespot' did not begin during the war, but was an accomplished fact a century and a half earlier. He himself, however, goes back to Biblical days, when Mesopotamia was already old, — its irrigation system, he says, was in operation six thousand years ago, — and writes of the rivalry of the Romans and the Persians, the coming of the Arab, and the division of Islam, before he comes to the days of Turks, and Englishmen, and Germans, and gives us an account of the part that Irak played in the Great War, and of the troubles of which it has since been the centre. He writes of the resources of the country, of commercial, industrial, and social conditions there, and of such progress as it has made; and he takes a hopeful view of its future, when, possibly, 'Arab nationalism, and with it the religion of Islam,' has 'become once more a world force.'

Shaw, by J. S. Collis. London: Jonathan Cape, 1925. 5*s*.

[*Irish Statesman*]

MR. COLLIS, being an Irishman by birth, very properly considers it 'to be time that Ireland had something to say about the most remarkable man who has ever fled from her shores.' Being also a Londoner by adoption, he is not less anxious that Englishmen should admire our great countryman for sound, not false, reasons. So strongly does he feel, that, so he tells us, this is a book which 'simply insisted upon being written.'

In the circumstances it is perhaps inevitable that its author should have something the air of thinking himself the only man who really understands Shaw, and equally inevitable that this air should have an irritating effect upon his readers. And this, again, is a pity; for Mr. Collis is plainly in earnest, and has evidently taken a deal of pains to set us right.

It is perhaps the chief merit of Mr. Collis that he insists upon directing our attention to those qualities of his hero which are least commonly appreciated — his sensitiveness, his humanity, his pity, his mysticism, his burning zeal for righteousness, his wide knowledge and constant industry — no less than his more obvious gifts of wit, reason, and eloquence.

But I should give a wrong idea of his little book if I seemed to suggest that it contains nothing but panegyric. Mr. Collis deals faithfully with such faults as he discerns in the work of Bernard Shaw. And Shaw, having, as it appears, read the MS., receives the chastening, if not with meekness, — meekness is not, one feels, one of his virtues, — with good humor. Some of his comments are given in footnotes. One could wish there were more of them; for nothing is more charming or more characteristic than Shaw's instant acceptance of challenge from whatever quarter it may come. Vulgar notions to the contrary notwith-

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standing, there never was a less conceited writer. The proof is that he will argue with you or with me on any subject under the sun — argue vehemently, passionately, and with his whole mind. Thus he pays us a compliment we do not perhaps always deserve — that of taking us and our opinions seriously.

Richard Wagner, a Critical Biography, by George Ainslie Hight. London: Arrowsmith, 2 vols., 1925. £2 12*s.* 6*d.*

[Ernest Newman in the *Sunday Times*]

Last week I quoted from Nietzsche a sentence to the effect that what passed for Wagner biography was mostly *fable convenue*, or worse. I am reminded of this saying once more by Mr. George Ainslie Hight's new book, *Richard Wagner, a Critical Biography*. Mr. Hight is an enthusiastic Wagnerian of the old school, and his work is a sound specimen of the Wagner biography and criticism of the end of the last century. There is still no English Life of Wagner that is wholly trustworthy or approximately complete. Ashton Ellis's preposterous work stops at 1859. Mr. Hight carries the record down to the end in fair detail. He is well read in the Wagner literature, and his summaries of the operas and the chief prose works are readable and reliable. These volumes can be cordially recommended to those who wish a plain and fairly exhaustive record of the standardized facts of Wagner's career.

It is when we come to the facts not standardized that we find Mr. Hight a much less trustworthy guide. An enormous amount of evidence has appeared during the last few years that shows Wagner in a singularly unpleasant light. A biographer who was really qualified for his stupendous task would welcome all the available evidence, sift it carefully, and sum up dispassionately. That was never the way of the Wagnerian *pur sang*, and it is not the way of Mr. Hight. Not, indeed, that he objects *in toto* to having light thrown on Wagner as a man. All he objects to is having light thrown on him that makes him look *too* ugly. The cover of Mr. Hight's volumes bears these brave words: 'This book has been written largely to refute the unworthy misrepresentations of Wagner's private character in the English press. Yet, while the author does not conceal his judgment of the meister as one of the greatest figures in the art of any epoch, he has not abstained from trenchant criticism when it appeared necessary.'

[Richard Church in the *Spectator*]

Wagner seems to be languishing. But one must conclude that it is because we have not the energy to visualize the whole man. Our generation does not tread the hills of the epic. We are tired, we have no time; so we stay in our lyrical gardens, and cultivate the flowers of mood and sensibility. Our need for form is satisfied with the automobile, the business organization, and the buildings that house our giant emporiums.

Mr. Hight's new Life of Wagner, therefore, will seem to us to be too partial, too subservient to the personality of the master. Survivors of the older generation, however, will welcome it as a valuable commentary on the autobiography and a very concise and sensible critique of the music dramas. It has given the present reviewer deep enjoyment to return to the Age of the Giants by means of these two well-written and well-arranged volumes.

✤

NEW TRANSLATIONS

Aldanov, M. A. *The Ninth Termidor*. Translated from the Russian by A. E. Chamot. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

France, Anatole. *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1925.

Geijerstam, Gustaf af. *The Book about Little Brother*. Translated from the Swedish, with an introduction by Edwin Bjorkman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $2.50.

Hamsun, Knut. *Benoni*. Translated from the Norwegian by A. G. Chater. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $2.50.

Queiroz, Eca de. *The Relic*. Translated from the Portuguese by Aubrey F. G. Bell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $2.50.

Rolland, Romain. *Wolves*. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1925.

Ugarte, Manuel. *The Destiny of a Continent*. Translated from the Spanish by Miss Catherine A. Phillipa. Edited with an introduction and bibliography by J. Fred Rippy, Associate Professor of History, University of Chicago. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $3.00.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

This page will cover the more important books by foreign authors recently brought out in this country by American publishers. They can be obtained from all booksellers or from the Atlantic Monthly Book Shop, which will send them postpaid to any address in the United States.

The Unknown Goddess, by Humbert Wolfe. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1925. $1.75.

Mr. Humbert Wolfe is a skillful versifier; his twists of thought are original and amusing; he packs a sharp, quick punch in a few words. His trick is to dismiss portentous subjects with a quip, but to endow the commonplace and the trivial with almost cosmic significance. There is little or no poetry in *The Unknown Goddess;* when the author ventures upon serious or sentimental ground, his cleverness throttles spontaneity. But these bits of false simplicity — so typical of much modern English verse — are the exception, and will not prevent the knowing hostess from placing this slender tome in a place of honor in her best guestroom.

The Polyglots, by William Gerhardi. New York: Duffield and Company, 1925. $2.50.

This is likely to turn out to be one of the most popular novels of the current season. It is written against an international background. The characters are as cosmopolitan as a *Living Age* table of contents. The author's first book, *Futility,* was a highly amusing picture of Russian life, and this second novel is just as entertaining and readable as its predecessor. It is dedicated to Edith Wharton, who greatly admires Mr. Gerhardi's work.

Restoring Shakespeare, by Léon Kellner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $3.50.

Professor Kellner has advanced a new theory that successfully explains hundreds of obscure or meaningless passages hitherto given up as hopeless by generations of Shakespeareans. He has found certain letters in Elizabethan handwriting and Elizabethan typography that resemble each other very closely. By listing these resemblances and applying them to doubtful passages in Shakespeare's work, he has attained remarkable results. At the end of the book are facsimile letters which substantiate the theory that he states in his first thirty pages. The bulk of the volume is devoted to the application of this theory to different passages, a labor in which the author has been immersed for ten years. Every Shakespearean student and every reference library in the country should possess a copy of this valuable work.

St. Mawr, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $2.00.

There is probably nobody — except D. H. Lawrence — who enjoys all of D. H. Lawrence's books. His absurd style, his lack of humor, his offensive tastes, are profoundly irritating. On the other hand, he has written several excellent books, though many would disagree as to which ones they were. *St. Mawr* will not diminish the ranks of his followers, but it is not important enough to attract many new converts. It is not particularly unpleasant; it is mildly uncanny; it is short. It has a horse for a hero.

Idiot Man, by Charles Richet. New York: Brentano, 1925. $2.00.

Some of the chapters in this book sound more like a course in Agnosticism for Secondary Schools by Clarence Darrow than the mature opinions of a French scientist who has won the Nobel Prize in Physiology and now teaches the same subject at the University of Paris. It is the contention of Monsieur le Professeur that man is the stupidest of animals. Our attitudes toward war, drink, and disease are senseless. True enough. But why are we treated to discussions of Esperanto, Free Trade, Cruelty to Animals, and the Inequality of Mankind? It is, of course, an impossible case to prove, for the idealist will come right back at you, admitting all the folly you can mention, but claiming that you cannot disprove his God and his conceptions of spiritual values. The book, however, is worth reading if only for the chapter on the late war — a superb piece of invective that rises on the wings of literature above the level of mere logic.

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"MONKEY-MEAT" by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., of the United States Marines in the November Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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